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VOLUME II—PERKINSIANA

SECOND EDITION

BY

RALPH PERKINS

SECOND EDITION

NUMBER 70

is presented to

Kitty Templeton

by Ralph Perkins



PAUL SIHLER, who served the TROOP LOYALLY FROM 1916 TO 1923 AND RECORDED MANY OF OUR ANTICS WITH HIS PEN AND BRUSH, NOTED THAT THE PERKINS CREST DEALT ONLY WITH THE HISTORY OF THE FAMILY PRIOR TO MIGRATION TO AMERICA IN 1630. HE CREATED THIS MODERN VERSION WHICH DEALS WITH MY ACTIVITIES.

VOLUME, II PERKINSIANA

SECOND EDITION

BY

RALPH PERKINS

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P4173-p)

CLEVELAND

THE GATES LEGAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

1963

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THE GATES LEGAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
CLEVELAND

INTRODUCTION

I HAVE NEVER DONE ANYTHING that paid as handsome and lasting dividends as the publishing of "J. B.'s Final Bulletin." While the underlying motive was an effort to perpetuate Father's character for his family, the results went much further and I am constantly told of people who never knew him, getting pleasure from his book. My family have suggested that I write a similar account of my experiences.

I am still hearing of incidents in Father's life that should be in his book. One told me by Worrell Clarkson, a St. Paul coal and dock tycoon, is, I think, most typical. Father and Clarkson were among a group at the Hunt Club one cold afternoon, when one of the members brought in a portrait of his horse and asked for comment. Very little enthusiasm was shown and upon being pressed for an opinion, Father spoke up and said, "I think it is rotten." The owner was very much taken back and asked if Father would not qualify his remark by saying that it was fair. Father said, "Yes, it is fair, and a portrait is like an egg. Who the hell wants a fair egg?"

Another incident that has happened since Father wrote his book confirms what he wrote about Hugh O'Neill, the immigrant Irish boy who started as Father's



JBP

IF THIS HORSE'S NOSE IS NOT AT THE PROPER ANGLE,
HE IS IN FOR A LOSING BATTLE.

coachman and died with more money than Father ever had. During the winter of '40-'41 several children's horse shows were held at the Armory. Our eleven year old, Gertrude, had been south so was only able to participate in the last show. She was showing in a horsemanship class against 31 competitors, among whom were eight of Hugh's grandchildren. The judge eliminated 29 as they made mistakes. He evidently had his 3rd and 4th ribbons placed, but couldn't decide between Gertrude and Hugh's granddaughter, Betty O'Neill, for the blue and red. Gertrude and Betty were put through their paces for 15 minutes. Neither would make a mistake. I was standing with Hugh when Betty made

an almost imperceptible mistake, but Hugh's keen eye saw it and he also saw that the judge caught it. So, without waiting for the judge to tie the ribbons, he threw his hat in the air and grabbed my hand. I wonder if I would have been such a grand sport if it had been my kid who had made the mistake.

Norman King who built bridges after having done his part in the Spanish American War, loved to tell how he and several other troopers were put in their place by Father in true Cavalry language. When Father bought the 80 black horses to mount the Troop for McKinley's inaugural, he put the name of each rider on a tag that was attached to his respective mount. Some of the Troopers inspected their mounts and decided to do a little horse trading by the simple expedient of switching tags. Not more than six horses had been led into line before the first drill when Father fathomed the sinister plan and replaced the tags to their proper tails without referring to a list.

Jim Hoyt, famed for after-dinner speeches and for being the father of Elton, when considering the purchase of a horse from Father, innocently asked, "Is there anything wrong with this horse?" To which Father answered, "Sure there is plenty wrong with him but since you haven't any other way of finding it out, I'm not going to tell you what it is."

Uncle Henry of Warren once took advantage of Father's visit and requested he teach a non-cooperative horse to back. Immediately after dinner Father disappeared and on leaving the next morning told Uncle



MOTHER'S { VIS-A-VIS
FACE TO FACE

Henry that he would have no more trouble in making the horse back. A week later Father received an urgent request from Uncle Henry to return for ever since his lesson, the horse would do nothing but back.

To one who never lived in the Horse Age, my many references to horses, coachmen, etc., might need a word of explanation. Until I went to college, horses were our only means of local transportation. In the summer we had three coachmen and generally six driving or combination horses, who were kept constantly on the go meeting trains, streetcars and boats and running errands. This was consistent with a country home, which was in disuse during the mud season.

When I worked at the old Hill Clutch Company at the foot of Waverly Avenue (West 58th Street) I walked to and from work, a distance of some two miles. The alternative was to walk to the Detroit Street car line, a distance of a mile and then walk half a mile from the car line to the factory. When the family gave a dinner party they kept two coachmen busy meeting the Detroit Street car. If the guests had not used the street car they would have had to allow an hour and a half for making each trip.

We used to figure four miles an hour as the normal speed of a driving horse on city streets. Bulkley Boulevard was still a nebulous dream, so we had to compete with slow moving wagons and street cars for almost the entire four miles from Twin Elms to the Public Square. Horses were an essential to country living.



742 (now 2638) EUCLID AVE.



THE TREE



THREE GENERATIONS



TWIN ELMS



STABLE AT TWIN ELMS



TWIN ELMS

But remember those six horses did not cost as much as a Chevrolet, and coachmen were glad to work for \$20.00 to \$50.00 per month. While I'm on the horse and buggy age, I should mention that during my life on Lake Avenue, 1886-1913, I saw electricity and the telephone replace oil lamps and a boy on a horse. I cannot say I bemoan the good old days but I regret that future generations will not get down to the earthy education that a stable provided. Can a Chrysler Convertible teach a kid as much as a nappy pony?

This is not a history of my life, nor is its purpose the influencing of any one. I am merely following Father's example of putting down a few experiences that might interest some one. If my advanced age gives me license to preach a short sermon, let it be "Who seeks more than he needs hinders himself from enjoying what he has," or if I may quote from Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr's famous prayer — "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; the courage to change the things I can; and the wisdom to know the difference." Since I have been dabbling with this book over a period of ten years, forgive some inconsistencies in chronology.

Added in 1960-62:

I have done so much thinking since 1953 of things that should be added to "Perkinsiana" that I am writing a second and final edition with a few corrections and two additional chapters.

Since the accompanying chart might indicate that I have disregarded my distaff line, I would like to tell of an incident that happened during the summer of '61.



FRANCES AND CLAIRE



HUGH O'NEILL, JR. AND FRANCES



TWIN ELMS

INTRODUCTION

xi

While Kay, Fanny Moore and I were motoring in Scotland, I was reluctantly persuaded to visit Blair House.

It was a beautiful castle but I didn't feel up to the many flights of stairs, so browsed on the ground floor where I found a portrait of David Tod 1746-1827. The spelling impressed me as I had been told that my great grandfather Dr. Jonathan Tod had dropped a "d" from Todd because he felt that if God could get along with one "d" he also could.

With the help of The Western Reserve Historical Society and a book "History of the Tod Family," which Father had wisely given them so that records like the above are now available to everyone, I came up with the following:

American Generation	Name	At Born	Year	Married	Lived at
	Robert			Isabella Low	Perth, Scotland
1st	David	Perth	1746	Rachel Kent	Perth, Boston, Suffield, Conn.
2nd	George	Suffield, Conn.	1773	Sally Isaacs	Suffield, Conn. Youngstown, Ohio
3rd	Jonathan Ingersoll	New Haven	1801	Lucy Ann Price	Youngstown, Ohio
4th	Elisabeth Owen	Youngstown	1831	Jacob Perkins	Warren, Ohio

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PAUL SIHLER FOR ILLUSTRATING

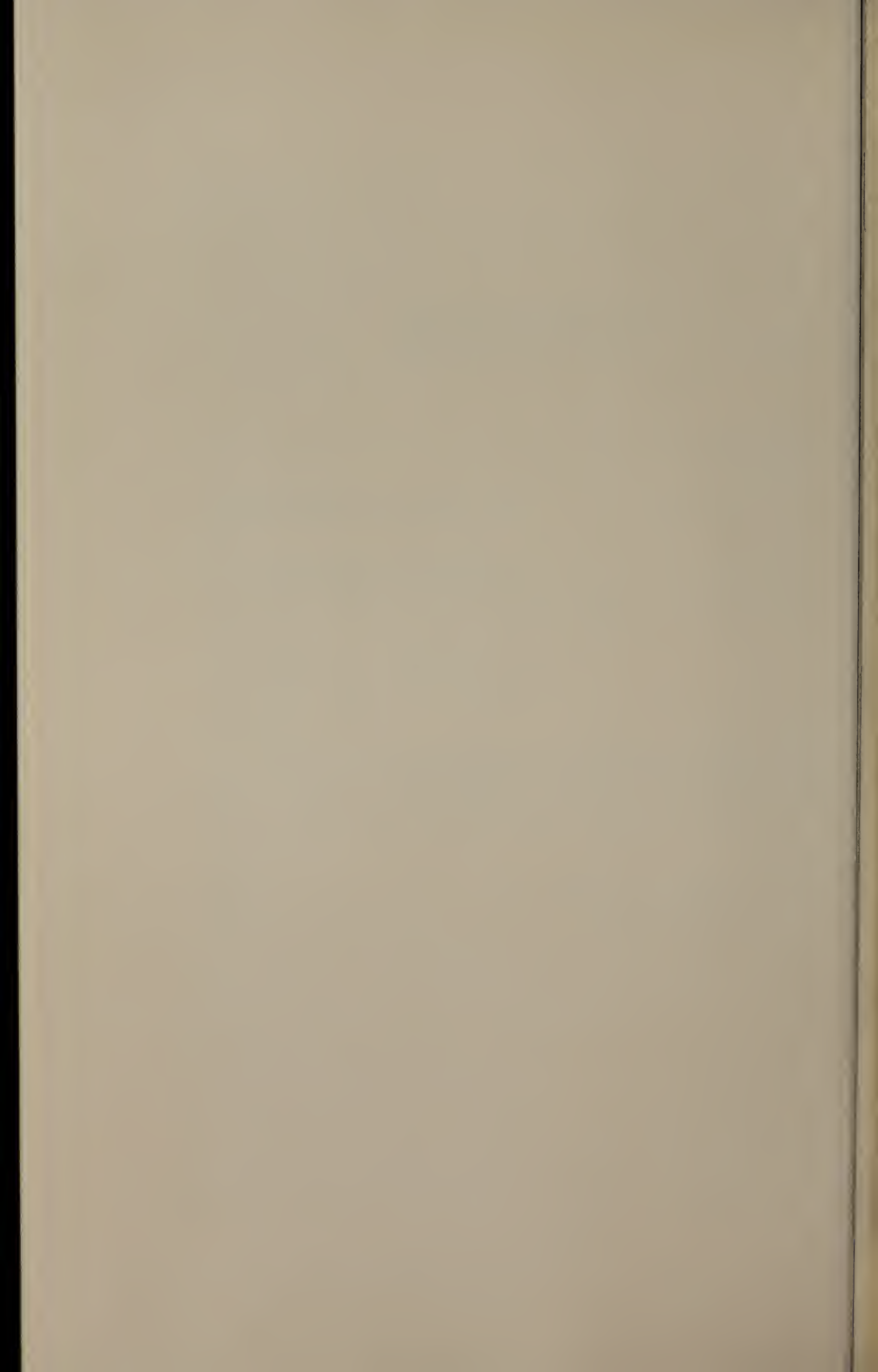
MISS LAKE FOR EXECUTING

MISS NIXON FOR EDITING

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RESERVE HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR ENTHUSIAS-
TIC AND INTELLIGENT COOPERATION.

CONTENTS

I	BOYHOOD	1
II	ASHEVILLE	13
III	WILLIAMSTOWN	32
IV	CANADA	51
V	MILITARY	60
VI	POLITICS	114
VII	HORSES	126
VIII	FARMING	140
IX	SHOOTING	146
X	MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER	165
XI	BUSINESS	168
XII	BOOKS	172
XIII	THE HASKELL GOLF BALL	175
XIV	A GREAT GENERATION	179



AMERICAN GENERATION	NAME	BORN AT	YEAR	COLLEGE	MARRIED	(OCCUPA- TION	LIVED AT	REMARKS	DIED
1ST	JOHN	GLOUCESTER- SHIRE, ENGLAND	1590		JUDITH GATES	FARMER	ENGLAND, 1590-1630 BOSTON, 1630-1633 IPSWICH, 1633-1654	Sailed from Bristol, Eng. with wife and 5 children and Roger Williams, the famous divine, on good ship "Lion." Landed Boston Feb. 6, 1631.	1654
2ND	JACOB	ENGLAND	1624		ELIZABETH 1647 DAMARIS ROBINSON 1668	FARMER	ENGLAND, 1624-1630 BOSTON 1631-1633 IPSWICH, 1633-1699	Sergeant of Military Band — Ipswich.	1699
3RD	JOSEPH	IPSWICH, MASS.	1674		MARTHA MORGAN 1700	FARMER	IPSWICH, 1674-1694 PERKINS CROUCH NORWICH, 1694-1726	Bought large tract of land, 800 or 1200 acres for £70, at forks of Quinebaug and Shetucket Rivers. Deacon of his church.	1726
4TH	JOSEPH	NORWICH, CONN.	1704	YALE 1727	MARY BUSHNELL 1730	DOCTOR	NORWICH, 1704-1794	First Perkins to graduate from Yale. "He studied medicine and practiced his profession in his native town and became very eminent both in medicine and surgery, performing all the capital operations in that part of the colony. He possessed brilliant talents and was distinguished for scientific pursuits and undisciplined piety, patriotism and benevolence. He was for a long time deacon and had much influence."	1794
5TH	SIMON	NORWICH, CONN.	1737		OLIVEA DOUGLES 1768	FARMER	LISBON, CONN. 1737-1778	Capt. in Revolution.	1778 of dysentery contracted in Army
6TH	*SIMON	LISBON, CONN.	1771		NANCY BISHOP 1804	FARMER AND BANKER	LISBON, 1771-1796 WARREN, OHIO 1796-1844	Brigadier General, 4th Div., War of 1812. Founder of Akron, Ohio and builder of the house that is now home of The Summit County Historical Society. His son Simon, Jr., occupied this house.	1844
7TH	JACOB	WARREN, OHIO	1821	YALE 1842	ELIZABETH TOD 1850	PRESIDENT RAILROAD	WARREN, 1821-1856 CLEVELAND, 1856-1859	Helped frame Ohio Constitution. President of Cleveland Mahoning R. R. Co.	1859
8TH	JACOB BISHOP	WARREN, OHIO	1854	WILLIAMS 1877	1878 SALLIE M. WILSHIRE	MANUFAC- TURER AND REAL ESTATE	WARREN, 1854-1856 CLEVELAND, 1856-1859 WARREN, 1859-1861 CLEVELAND 1861-1936	Capt. of Cavalry, Nat'l Guard of Ohio.	1936
9TH	RALPH	CLEVELAND, OHIO	1886	WILLIAMS 1909	1911 MARGARET KEYES 1926 KATHARINE HASKELL	MANUFAC- TURER	CLEVELAND, Ohio 1886-	Capt. of F.A 1st W. W. Major of Cav., N. G. of Ohio. Lt. Col. of Cavalry 2nd W. W.	



MY MOST CONSTRUCTIVE AND TOLERANT CRITIC
SALLIE WILSHIRE PERKINS
1856-1931

SECOND EDITION

I

BOYHOOD

AS A BOY I was a spoiled, over-indulged brat. The platter-like silver spoon that accompanied me into this world stretched my mouth to the breaking point and unfortunately it never resiled. My family spent the winter months of the year in rented houses on lower Euclid Avenue. That was the only proper place for an "old Cleveland family." We spent the summers on a farm called "Twin Elms" on the lake shore, just west of what is now Edgewater Park. The farm originally comprised all the land north of The New York Central and east of what is now W. 105th Street, including all of Edgewater Park, west of W. 76th Street.

For the summer season I have little to say except that I don't think I took advantage of the rope, which was endless, that my parents gave me. Mother magnified my virtues and was blind to my shortcomings which she always blamed on my dissolute companions.

The large farm was a wonderful playground with a fine beach, ponies, dogs, etc. I lived in a kid's heaven.

One of the most momentous events of my life substantiates the interpretation my mother gave to my misdemeanors. Since both Pres and I were forbidden the

hospitality of the other's house, we used the corner of Huntington Ave. (E. 18 St.) and Euclid Ave. as a rendezvous. It was here that I was once greeted as Lord Fauntleroy. I didn't know what that meant but I didn't like the smug look on Pres' face, so as I approached him in a most belligerent manner—he uncovered—**HIS CURLS WERE GONE.**

I made a dash for my Mother but enroute decided I would take no chances of failure so redirected my steps to the stable where I demanded the clippers from Hugh O'Neill. Hugh was too smart to jeopardize his monthly pay check, so did his best to persuade me to go to Mother, but I was adamant and the conference ended in my negotiating an unsecured loan of 25¢. With this I proceeded to Mr. Scholles' hair shop at the corner of Erie St. (E. 9th St.) and Euclid Avenue, and in less than ten minutes I stepped from babyhood to manhood and faced my first great problem—My Mother. Hell knoweth no fury like that of the Mother of a shorn child.

The curls were already ashes in Mr. Scholles' stove, so there was little she could do to us, so poor Hugh got the brunt of her wrath. I can remember his only futile defense—"Please, Mrs. Perkins, I only kept him from robbing a bank." And that exemplifies the inconsistency of the "good old days." For a few hours a day we led the most ultra formal life but for the greater part of our lives we were supposed to compete with boys, men, and language that had a most informal background.



ELY'S CURLS ARE GONE—
YOU CAN'T GET ARRESTED FOR THINKING.

Pres Ely and Ed Grasselli, my two closest friends, who never missed an opportunity to get me into trouble nor failed me when I got in too deep, couldn't understand why I didn't get as much kick out of throwing apples through the kitchen windows at Lake Avenue as I did from throwing snowballs at the same cook on Euclid Avenue. The difference was that on Euclid Avenue there was nothing else to do.

The large stable that Father moved to Mentor in 1914 was the center of my activity. I would work hours in order to get one of the stable boys to knock flies to me. I had an extra large pocket sewed on my trousers so that I would always have a baseball on hand when an opportunity to use it presented itself.

My sister, Frances, had a better break as far as playmates went, as our only neighbors, the Mark and Leonard Hannas, had four girls who were too old and too horsey to take much interest in Leonard, two years my junior, or me. The result was that I found the farm and stable help more interesting and instructive.

Here I formed an affection and admiration for the Hanna family that was far from mutual. The three places had but two entrances so that Mother complained when the many carriages bringing guests to Uncle Mark's house threw dust on our house. Uncle Mark and Uncle Leonard differed diametrically in their home life. Leonard was very much a family man, who liked his friends but enjoyed them a few at a time. Uncle Mark felt lonesome when he sat down to a meal with less than twenty guests and that included breakfast. He was ex-



SPE

EG

"WANTED"

THE COMPANIONS I GREW UP WITH AND IN SPITE OF.



EDMUND (note sideburns), AUNT CORALIE, CLAIRE,
LEONARD, JR. AND FANNY HANNA.

tremely democratic and there were no extremes of background, character, or personality that he didn't enjoy presiding over at his famous table. He once said that Maggie, his cook, did more than he to elect McKinley.

I remember McKinley very well. I once fell off his lap when Mrs. McKinley became suddenly ill. I don't think she felt any worse than I did yet she received the lion's share of attention.

Uncle Leonard was the most lovable man I ever knew. I never had a problem too inconsequential to interest him. When he found I was unable to ride a bicycle and keep up with the girls he came home from his office

early for several days in order to instruct me. His method of approach was typical of him. He told me that I was built to be a great bicycle rider and that he would consider it a great honor to be my coach. I wish he had lived to start me on my baseball career, as he was a member of Cleveland's first team, "The Forest Cities."

He once caught me blackhanded in the act of wiping my filthy hands on his eldest daughter's gingham dress. Many fathers would have rewarded such a misdemeanor by a cuff and an order "out" but Uncle Leonard's procedure left a far more lasting impression. I think I remember his exact words, to wit: "Son, it isn't a very serious matter for Claire to have to put on a clean dress but if you have spoiled her friendship for you (Claire was lonesome in my corner) you have lost something that you will have trouble replacing."

It's lucky for me that the third Hanna brother, Melville, Kay's grandfather, didn't live in the Perkins-Hanna group, because even when I was thirty-nine, Aunt Coralie couldn't understand why such a lovely girl had to scrape the bottom of the barrel when it came to choosing a husband.

I came nearer getting shot on the Leonard Hanna place than I did in France. Bob Norton, who commanded Troop A on the Mexican border, recently sent me the following newspaper clipping:

"Ralph Perkins, the little son of Captain J. B. Perkins, writes his first newspaper article. On Saturday last as the new steamer Coralia sailed out of Cleveland on

her trial trip up the lakes she sailed close to the shore, and was heartily saluted by the Lake Avenue friends and neighbors of Mrs. L. C. Hanna, for whom the steamer is named."

"The hair-raising experience of Ralph, the little son of Mr. J. B. Perkins, is best told in a letter to the Cleveland Leader written by the young man himself:

‘A NARROW ESCAPE’

‘A boy named Ralph Perkins was over by Mr. Hanna’s place and saw the Coralia when passing with Mr. Hanna on it. The gardener got a revolver and then shooting it four or five times, then finding that it would not go off, passed it to the butler. The boy was looking over, and the butler, trying very hard, some way pulled the trigger. The boy had a tight bicycle cap on, and the bullet went right through the cap, and just touched his skull. Last Saturday it happened, and the powder is in his face yet.’ ”

As a newspaper writer, I certainly stuck to the bare facts. I think I was eight when this happened. It’s a good thing Edmund, the Hanna coachman, didn’t have the revolver for at that range he couldn’t have missed and Edmund had little reason to respect a closed season on neighbor’s kids. Pres and I once filled his brougham with manure while he was putting the finishing touches to his sideburns, so that Aunt Coralie passed up her afternoon drive.

Stories like the above probably won't make it any easier for my children to raise my grandchildren, so I won't write much about my life on Euclid Avenue. We were a bad lot but fortunately the gang was broken up before the police caught up with us. One of the most graphic pictures in my memory of life on Twin Elms is the filling the ice house with ice cut from the lake. The large cakes were cut with saws and then pulled up an open chute by horses to sleds that carried the ice to an especially built house.

For some unaccountable reason the west side became less and less popular and one by one our friends moved across the river. We moved to Mentor in 1913. The west side has every natural advantage—clean air and water, and better transportation, but I'm told all cities grow in an easterly direction because people object to having the sun in their eyes going to and coming from work.

It's a crying shame Father didn't permit Edgewater Park to be called Perkins Park. I never got the full story of why he objected, as that was one of the subjects he promised to put in his book, but it was later than he realized. I think he felt that, since he didn't give all of the land involved, as was the case of the gifts of his friends, Messrs. Wade, Rockefeller and Gordon, he should not permit his name to be used. Another reason he once advanced was that since the Wilshire Building, named for my mother, had deteriorated so fast, he would never again hang a family name on anything.

It has often been said, and never to my knowledge disputed, that Father originated the comprehensive idea of Bulkley Boulevard and Edgewater Park. He optioned or owned all the land in the original park and instigated all the legislation necessary to make Cleveland's most valuable park a reality.

The following obituary appeared in the December 28, 1936 issue of the *Plain Dealer*:

"PERKINS OF THE PARKS.

This city has been fortunate in having among its business leaders those who can see beyond the immediate objective, who have not only dreamed dreams of a fairer future for their city, but have had the energy and ability to make those dreams come true.

Such a leader was Jacob Bishop Perkins, who died Sunday at the ample age of 82. To many Clevelanders of today his name may mean little, although associated with three generations of civic interest. But to him belongs a large share of the credit for developing and expanding the park system which is one of Cleveland's outstanding community assets. . . .

But for the modesty of Mr. Perkins, Edgewater Park would have borne his name, thus carrying out on the West Side the tradition which named Rockefeller, Gordon and Wade Parks for other eminent Clevelanders. Even more indicative of the Perkins' vision, was his help in securing Rocky River Valley when that region seemed so remote from the city's center as to be of slight value for park purposes. So the millions who today enjoy the



SWP

RP TED CLAY OSCAR WESTEN

MY FIRST CAR TAKEN AT TWIN ELMS CIRCA 1907.

Metropolitan Park System, a recreation area equalled by a few in the nation, should thank this modest, generous, and far-sighted citizen, who drove fine horses in cutter races along Euclid Avenue's "millionaires' row" and visioned a city destined to expand miles beyond the tight little community of the 1870-80's. It was his good fortune to live to see much of that vision realized, to see his contributions to that realization demonstrate their value and importance.

So the Cleveland of today, and of many days to come, has good reason to honor the memory and to commend the enterprise of Jacob Bishop Perkins, useful citizen."

We spent the winter of '94-'95 in a pension in Weisbaden, Germany, where I attended a public school. The instruction was not up to American standards but it did much to get me over any shyness that often comes at that age. Mother made the mistake of outfitting me in Paris and every German kid was taught to tear down anything of French origin, so I found many opportunities to fight. For many years I spoke German without an accent but I can't say that I derived any great benefit from it. It was a satisfaction to be able to interview German prisoners, but schoolboy slang didn't go well with my Williams instructors.

While my knowledge of German never startled anyone, the winter of '94-'95 was a banner one for the Perkins family—We acquired Louise—while her principal duty was to straighten out some labor trouble that centered and originated in the nursery, she soon took on the management of the family's domestic life. After she had things running to everyone's complete satisfaction, she started on her own career. She married Hugh and raised a wonderful family. I like to think that I may have contributed to her success by furnishing a real challenge to her ability to rule by love, understanding and devotion.

II

ASHEVILLE

IN THE FALL of 1902 I changed from University School in Cleveland to Asheville. I doubt if I bettered my position from an educational standpoint. They were both good schools, but the thrill of going away and being on my own (the change was entirely my idea) and the difference in environment had a very salutary effect on my industry. As long as day schools insist on home work, they give the boarding school a decided advantage.

In winter we lived two blocks from the old Euclid Avenue Opera House and when Primrose and Dockstader's minstrels played there, it was a great temptation to convince my Mother that home work could wait. And, even if duty did prevail, I spent a lot of time thinking of the minstrel show.

At Asheville, the system did not permit alibis. There were no counter-attractions to study periods. Here I received my initiation to the south. The mountains and the mountaineers thrilled me—in fact everything about the place fitted into my scheme of things. The long baseball season, the canoe trips, the hikes up Mts. Pinnacle, Pisgah, and Mitchell—the highest peak east of the Rockies—all compensated for the additional work that was demanded of me. It is hard for any one who has enjoyed three years in America's best year

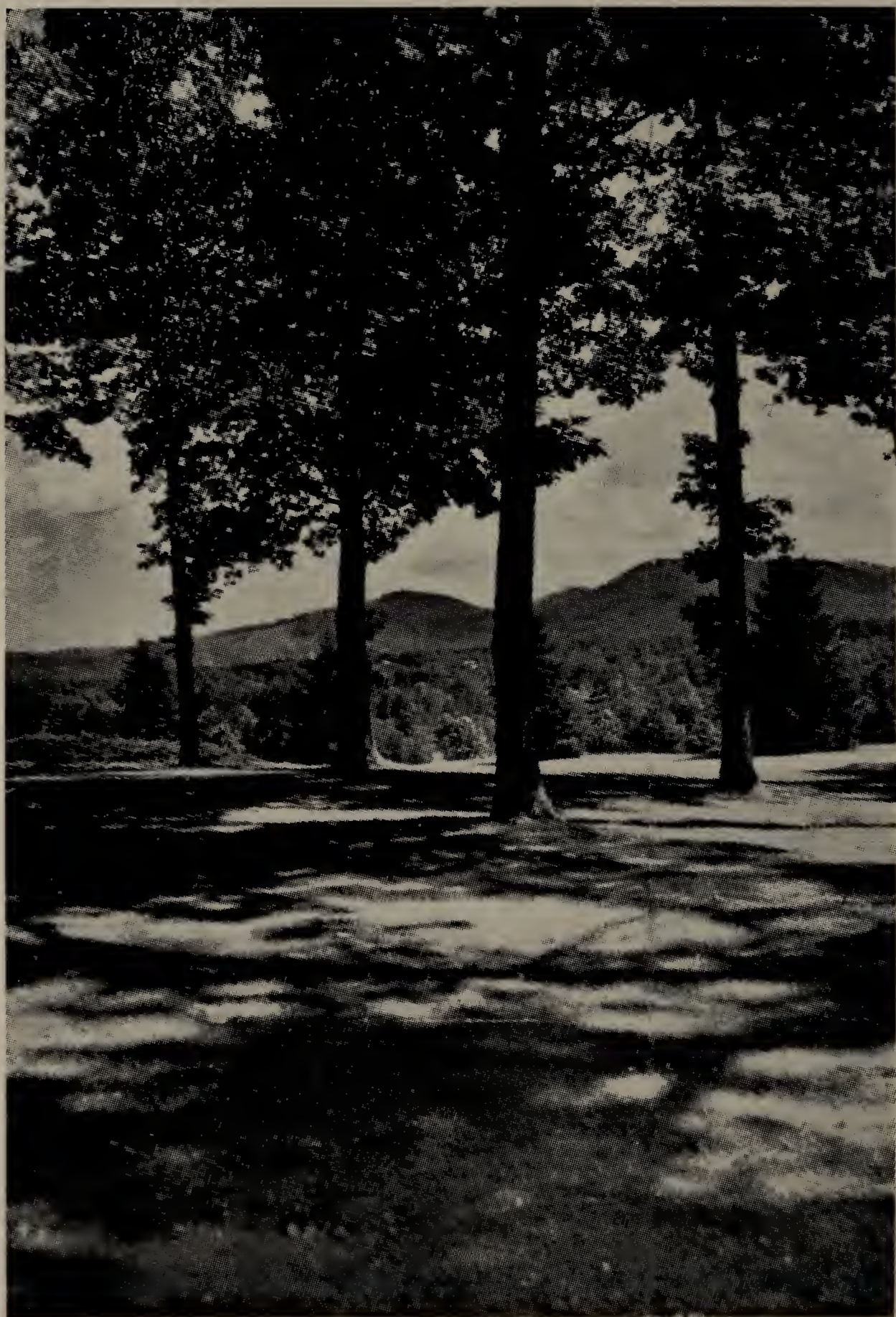


NOT AN INSPIRING PORTAL THROUGH WHICH TO ENTER THE
HALLS OF LEARNING BUT AFTER THE FIRST WEEK I
WOULDN'T HAVE TRADED IT FOR THE GRAND CENTRAL.

round climate to understand why prep schools are still being started in New England. Asheville didn't have any long winter term. We only used the gym on rainy days and if it hadn't been for football and the near-by country store with its large assortment of indigestibles, the school might have dispensed with its infirmary. Colds, etc. were unknown. The school might well have advertised "not a sniffle in a season" and we thought mastoid was a prehistoric animal.

The Civil War was still the main topic of conversation among our mountaineer friends. They didn't know why they fought but to a mountaineer, a fight lasts until the last drop of blood in his adversary's line of descent has been exterminated. There never were any slaves in western North Carolina and there were no colored people in the mountain districts, but some "Damnyankees" had invaded their country and they didn't like the idea. Their logic made a great impression on me and I still can't figure out why we shot each other because we couldn't agree on the economic status of a race that had been forcibly imported.

The Murphy Branch of the Southern Railway, that connects the school with the outside world, was a feature. It was built during the Civil War from Asheville to Murphy. Time permitted little grading and the stumps that a pair of mules couldn't dislodge were by-passed. The train crews were great fellows who did not object to Asheville students doing about as they pleased. There was a wooden trestle between the school and the store and every train used to come to a near stop before proceeding over it, to give us a chance to climb over the side. While the Murphy Branch could not be called beautiful, it passes through the most heavenly valleys in America. First, it follows Hominy Creek valley through the gap at Turnpike, then down to the Pigeon River, which is an excellent canoeing stream. Then up a small tributary of the Pigeon and down to the Tuckasegee, which is a real mountain stream, then up the Nantahala, which in Indian means



OUTDOOR BEAUTY COMPETED WITH INTELLECTUAL INDUSTRY.



MT. PISGAH AND THE RAT.

"land of the midday sun" and whose beauty is ineffable. Somewhere in that section we passed through a Cherokee Indian reservation. The Indians could catch trout in those streams but the local whites were too lazy and we too inexperienced.

No 120 miles of railroad compares with the Murphy Branch for interest and beauty, and if you have never viewed a mountain section from the top of a freight car, you have missed something. I can still name the stations from Sulphur Springs (later called Asheville School) to Bryson City, where engines were changed. At Hominy Creek there was a brick store, where my classmate, Clifford Heintz of pickle fame, convinced



IN 1904 IT WAS CONSIDERED INCORRECT TO LEAVE
THE CAMPUS WITHOUT A DERBY.

the cracker box philosophers that all Yankees are liars by accounts of the size of his family's canning operations.

Turnpike had a real southern inn where you could eat yourself into insensibility for 35¢, 25¢ if you didn't take chicken. Old man Hawkins lived at Candler. He attributed his longevity—92—to the fact that he only chewed his own pure tobacco and drank plenty of hard cider. Paul Wilson was the only boy in school who could do both without disastrous gastronomical results. I could stand the hard cider if mixed with cane syrup. I'll never forget the old gentleman's remark when they told him his 72 year old son had died in Tennessee. "I knew I'd never raise that sickly kid."



MEE

AWP

LM

ETG

RP

A GROUP AT COUNTRY STORE.

Note prominence of *defendu* cigar in my hand.

Waynesville and Canton were comparatively metropolises. Waynesville had a dispensary where Star Rodgers and Barney Goodspeed could buy pint bottles of cheap liquor. They didn't care about the liquor, in fact I don't think Barney ever took a drink, but they were very proud of the fact that they passed as 21. Waynesville also had a livery stable, a great starting point for horseback trips into the mountains. The natives were suspicious, but we never had any trouble and they fed us food that (at the time) we thought great, but that was before we knew about allergies.

They enjoyed talking to us but didn't like horseplay or scuffling. To them a fight was a serious matter. A Mr. Shook of the Newfound Valley told us not to take the back road to Waynesville, as it was so sinuous our horses would drop manure in our laps.

Asheville School had a splendid faculty, who sympathized with most of our boyish pranks. The founders, Newton M. Anderson and Charles A. Mitchell, were a great team. "Newt" would figure out a wonderful canoe and camping trip for the next week-end and "Mitch" would tell me I better stay at school and brush up on Caesar's method of getting his army across the Rhine. But Mitch was always right and I give him first place as a teacher among the many applicants for that honor, whom I critically looked over in both school and college. He would have been a success in any field. Beardslee and Jackson were also fine men and teachers who left their mark in my memory.

There were not many rules and as I look back there were enough. We weren't allowed to smoke, therefore, the only time I ever smoked was during my three years at Asheville. Mr. Mitchell had charge of discipline and made good use of "confidence." If we behaved, we had the run of western North Carolina.

I suppose we missed something by not having schools of our type to compete with in athletics but if you want to get a real kick out of baseball, you should watch a team of mountaineer boys perform. The boys didn't get much chance to talk at home, so the start of a ball

game was a signal to commence shouting and talking, whether participants or not.

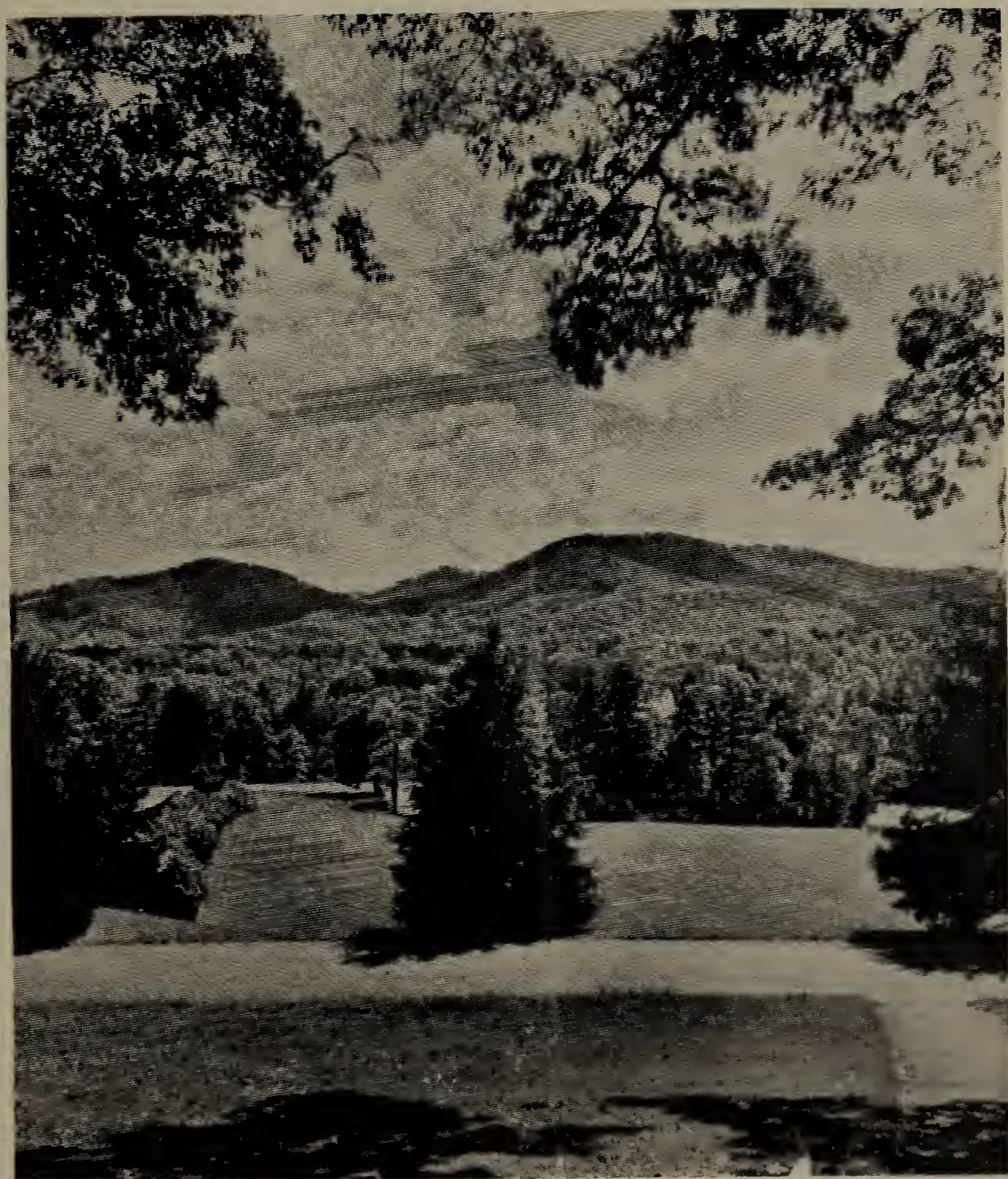
We had the only level piece of unplowed land in western North Carolina, so we had no trouble in getting teams to play. I remember the five Gudger brothers who always had a good team. As far as I could tell, they were equally good but Jim had the loudest voice, so always "got to pitch." After each delivery, he would turn to the umpire with upraised arm and bellow "Judgment."

Our games away from home were even more fun although we learned more about losing than we did about sportsmanship. Once when we stepped off the train at Johnson City, Tenn., we were greeted by banners and placards that told the world that Carson Newman College had hired the Knoxville infield to play against Asheville. I never did play well away from home because I developed an allergy to bedbugs which in one case closed my eyes and kept me on the bench.

Our relationship with the only other prep school in that part of the country, Bingham, was not so friendly. Bingham was a military school and I suppose zeal in military training is dependent on the belief that a war is imminent. The Bingham faculty purposely failed to inform their students that the Civil War had ended, therefore, all Yankees were enemies, who should be attacked on sight. The schools never had coincident holidays, so the football and baseball games were the only opportunities the Bingham boys had to carry out the obligations of their forefathers.

It was out of the question for either team to invade enemy territory, so all games were played at Riverside Park in Asheville. But it didn't work and during the 1903 football game, Mr. Mitchell walked on the field and wisely withdrew our team. I had the thrill of my life in a ball game in the spring of 1903, which was one of the two times we ever beat them. I came up with two on in the eighth. The cadets were entirely out of control and were crowding the base lines. Fortunately, for me, the first three were bad. I couldn't see the coach and entirely forgot the fact that I had the pitcher in a hole and that a better batter followed me. When the next one came, right down the alley, I lined it to right. It wasn't more than a single, but since I was tripped going to first, the umpire sent me to second, and two runs, which won the game, scored.

A few years later Bingham folded. At one time it had been a great school. Walter Page, ambassador to England during the first World War, attended Bingham and wrote in his autobiography of being very happy there. I really think professional athletes wrecked the school. One in particular named Bomar impressed me as the most vicious athlete I ever knew. He carried table salt in a small pocket concealed in his football breeches which he cleverly deposited in his adversary's eyes. When the salt produced tears he made some uncomplimentary remarks about Asheville's intestinal fortitude. But I owe him a great debt, for he unwittingly sent me to Williams. I visited Homer Everett in New Haven the spring of 1904 and ran into Bomar in a beer saloon. He



PRIMEVAL FORESTS

had done well in football that year at Yale and had undoubtedly changed his ways, but seeing him enjoying hero worship influenced me against Yale, in spite of the fact that I had passed my examinations and had my room engaged. I may have missed something but I doubt if I could ever have been happy in a large manufacturing city. The change from the Murphy Branch to the New York, New Haven and Hartford would have been too great.

I have never recovered from western North Carolina. In 1912 I returned to find the answer to a question that had always intrigued me. "What lies back of Mt. Pisgah?" I had often ridden in that direction but never had a long enough holiday to complete the circuit.

I started from school on a rented horse, rode the Murphy Branch to Sylva the first day, then cut east up Soapstone Creek and over Soapstone Gap. When I say I rode up Soapstone Creek, that is literally true, as there were no roads or wagons in this country. The creek bottoms were the only roads. For three days I followed creek bottoms which brought me to a trail that ended in Highlands. I would never have ventured in this country alone had it not been for the government topographical maps. With these and a compass, I could pick out the high points and gaps. The maps showed the houses so accurately that one could tell which bushes to part to get to them from the stream beds.

I had quite a terrifying experience while preparing lunch at one of these high points. I tied my horse to a

tree and then built a fire in a clearing. While I was working over the fire—it took very little to boil water at that elevation—I heard a terrific whirring noise above me. I looked up to find the sky studded with circling buzzards, who were intermittently diving at me. Their method of putting on brakes was to turn their wing feathers so that they made a weird vibrating noise. After I knew the source of this noise, I was willing to go back to my lunch, but not so with my horse. He was leaving that spot immediately. Here one of the many lessons that I learned from my Father about horses stood me in good stead. "Never tie a horse with the reins. Always tie him with a rope that he cannot break to an object that he cannot break or move." While the horse couldn't get away he was doing his best to throw himself down, which might have had a disastrous effect on my saddle and pack. I was also afraid that if I untied him he would get away from me, so before I released the rope I wrapped it around a tree. Then holding the end, I mounted so that I was well seated with a firm grip on the reins before I let the end of the rope go.

I remember Cullowhee Gap, Cowee Gap, Wildcat Cliffs and Whiteside Mountain, which gets its name from the talc or soapstone in the soil. It is hard to understand how a rock that becomes almost dust when exposed to air can remain as erect and sheer as these cliffs. This part of the country had never been timbered.

I spent nights in one room log cabins. The families were large, the men looked young and the women old for their age. I remember particularly the Jensen family. Mrs. Jensen had never seen a railroad—this in

spite of the fact that she could hear the Murphy Branch engines. Mr. Jensen had fought in the Civil War and had been in Asheville in 1891. From the age of his married son who had come 40 miles on a mule—no saddle—to help split boards that day, I would say he was 80 but his wife who had a six year old child appeared to have a shorter expectancy than he. I asked the board-splitter son why he didn't wear shoes and he said his feet were so tough that he wore shoes out from the inside. Mr. Jensen told me he was getting lazy and went to the store several times a year, but he wasn't as lazy as some of his neighbors who ran to the store for even soap, which they could make from wood ashes. He produced everything he needed. His wife had a handmade loom in the windowless lean-to, which afforded her her only recreation. She loved her loom, as it kept her from getting lonesome.

Their house was on the creek but the barn commanded a most heavenly view. I think the idea was to live close enough to the stream to see who passed. Of course, they had no glass or screens, and the flies were terrific. All food was put on the table and if not consumed that meal, it stayed there until the next, with absolutely no protection. But the bread and butter were made fresh for each meal. All cooking was done on the hearth, where there was a little hollow about where an andiron would go, had there been an andiron. Into this the hand-kneaded loaf of corn bread was put and the hot coals were then raked out near but not over it.

This, with plenty of fresh butter, kept me alive, for the meat was awful. The bacon looked and tasted as if it had been hung in the chimney until thoroughly smoked and black. They had a cow but no effort was made to keep the milk cool or sweet. As I walked to the barn in the morning, quail flushed like grasshoppers. Mr. Jensen said he didn't think they were good to eat. From the looks of the muzzle loader I had examined the night before, I imagine that remark had a sour grapes flavor to it. I had to insist on paying for my lodging and 50¢ for both horse and myself was all he would take. The fact that I was going to vote for Woodrow Wilson puzzled him. He thought all Yankees were Republicans. I wanted to send him a present but he said the mailman didn't stop at his place because he didn't think a mail box worthwhile.

I rode an entire day with a Democratic committeeman who was riding that country to tell people that an election was coming. He took me to a still where I had to drink some colorless warm stuff that tasted like tabasco sauce. Here again I think we waste a lot of gray matter. Why not let them eat or drink their corn in any fashion they please? They should label the stuff with skull and crossbones, but that's another point that isn't worth shooting about.

Highlands was delightful and has since become a popular summer resort. It is 3800 ft. above sea level, which is the highest I had been since I crossed Soapstone Gap. I rode from there to Lake Toxaway, which is the

end of a spur railroad from Asheville. Here I spent the night in a house that catered to the train crews and was thoroughly uncomfortable. I rode from Lake Toxaway to the school in two days—about 40 miles per day—over country that I knew well, as the school crews had often rowed on the Lake. The road followed the beautiful French Broad, which is the Babe Ruth of all rivers, clear as crystal, fast as a thoroughbred, and wide as a charge of Cavalry. The trip on the French Broad by canoe from Mills Creek to Asheville is as fine as any day's paddle in Canada.

George Vanderbilt used wonderful judgment when he located Biltmore Castle on its banks but he went a little haywire when he furnished that house, with uncomfortable chairs and beds. His architect, Stanford White, evidently wasn't satisfied with anything made in this country. When he came to bathtubs, he had a little difficulty in getting anything with a foreign background but finally picked up a three-legged round trick, made from one piece of marble that Julius Caesar had owned—maybe used. The architects looked it over and decided it needed another leg. As soon as the fourth leg was installed, the tub cracked.

The library impressed me. The only books written in English were too heavy to hold and there wasn't a comfortable chair or adequate light in the room. I have a great deal of sympathy for the only Vanderbilt child, Cornelia, who had such a fill in running a five million dollar house that she now lives in a four-room cottage in England. She has a mania for simplicity and she and

her two children get along with two servants. Her divorced husband, an Englishman, lives in the Biltmore Castle, but makes no attempt to live up to the ancestral halls. Cornelia found happiness in running away from possessions. Outside the castle Mr. Vanderbilt did a job that has had a salutary and far reaching effect on our natural resources. He engaged Dr. Carl A. Schenck from Germany to start the Biltmore School of Forestry, the first forestry school in America. This investment, probably not over 10% of what the castle cost, awakened America to the necessity of growing and conserving timber. The grounds were laid out by Frederick Law Olmsted and it's interesting to note how his work has improved with age while Stanford White's is in a class with his elephant.

I had an idea of buying the Jensen barn site, but when I arrived at the school, I found a telegram from my college contemporary, Mike Brady, asking me to join him at Charlottesville, Virginia, where he planned to locate. I met him there and hoped to influence him to return to the Jensen estate but since he wouldn't ride a horse and had an idea he was going to make money on a farm, my scheme died a still birth. It worked out pretty well, however, as he bought a plantation near Rapidan, Virginia, which I used as a vacation playground for a great many years, and the Jensen barn site would have been impractical for my large family.

Unfortunately Asheville's founders never wrote the story behind the founding of Asheville School. It isn't



HOWARD BEMENT HOUSE

often that two great men collaborate to consummate an ideal. Messrs. Anderson and Mitchell started University School in 1890, but growing Cleveland encroached on their idea that a large part of secondary education should take place out-of-doors, so after fulfilling their obligation to the School Trustees—they had agreed to stay on the job until the school operations were in the black—they started all over again in 1900 and built a school where the surroundings would be a permanent asset.

I'm glad to report that Asheville School, climate and mountains are much as they were in 1905, in spite of the fact that taxis have cut into the Murphy Branch's

business and there are concrete roads to Murphy and Highlands.

Due to the untimely deaths of Mr. Mitchell in 1921 and Mr. Jackson in 1926 and a subsequent unfortunate headmaster appointment, Asheville had rough sledding for a few years, but we fell on our feet when we found Howard Bement. Being a headmaster of a prep school is a man-killing job and after 8 years of strain and unbelievable work, the school was "back," if not better, but Howard Bement's health was wrecked and he died in July, 1937.

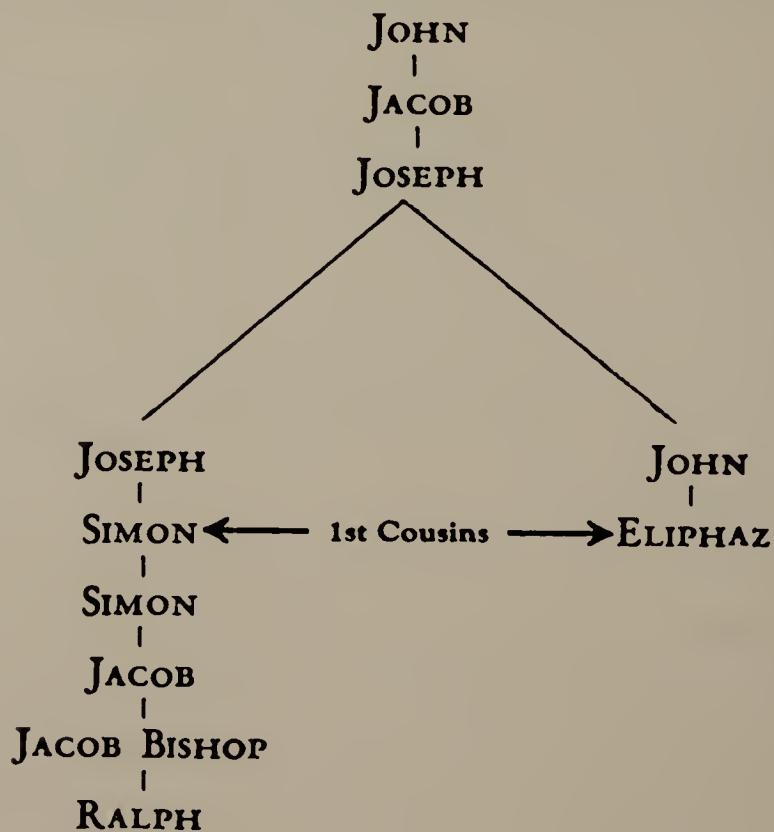
Unlike many great men, he trained his own successor, Dave Fall. The beautiful "Howard Bement Memorial House" is most appropriate. Here alumni and guests can enjoy their visits to the school with every comfort, even privacy, which is the maximum that bricks and mortar can do to perpetuate the memory of a man whose very presence created comfort and relaxation.

The education I gathered at Asheville was adequate to get me into college, but my real debt to the school and mountains is the love I formulated there of having a beautiful scene unfold before me, whether from a saddle or a canoe seat.

III

WILLIAMSTOWN

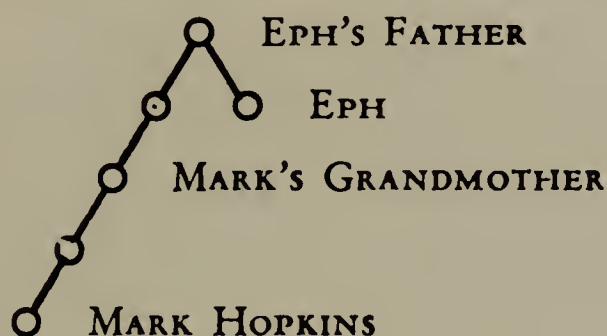
FATHER did a great sales job in influencing me to go to Williams. He let my cousin and brother-in-law tell me all about Yale and when he sensed a weakening on my part, he suggested a driving trip through the Berkshires, which just happened to end in Williamstown in September, 1904. I was sold and loved it. Possibly the fact that my cousin* Eliphaz Perkins married Lydia Fitch whose oldest brother Rev. Ebenezer Fitch was the first president of Williams and whose sister married William Williams, the first graduate of Williams, has



* I am his first cousin 4 times removed—page 34, Part III in "The Family of John Perkins."

something to do with the fact that I felt as if I belonged on Spring Street.

Few Williams men know that Mark Hopkins was Eph Williams cousin three times removed.



For me to attempt to describe the feeling that a Williams man has towards Williamstown, would be presumptuous. Recently four good books have been written on Williamstown, MacGregor Jenkins' "Sons of Ephraim" with its secondary and better title, "Spirit of Williams College," ranks first. "The Life of Mark Hopkins," by J. H. Dennison, "Gladly Teach" by Bliss Perry and to a lesser degree, "The Rectory Family" by Jay Franklyn Carter, who later changed his name and went nuts, are all good books, written by competent authors and go a long way towards filling a long felt want of explaining, "Why Williams?"

I'll only add one thought—the training Williams men get in remembering names helps them to "get along" in afterlife. Dale Carnegie sold a half million books that emphasized the principles of remembering the other fellow's name and talking on his subject, as the two most important steps to success. To know the names of everybody in college is not a freshman's curricular duty but it is probably the most valuable lesson and training he receives.



VIEW FROM MT. GREYLOCK

When you consider the many handicaps under which Williams has labored, there must be something there to balance its isolation, limited facilities, such as library, gymnasium, low endowment per student, high cost of living, little opportunity for students to engage in outside work, and restricted choice of courses. Yet, for a century and a half the only threat ever made against its progress and prosperity was due to location before the Hoosac tunnel was built, and it isn't at all unlikely that that unpierced mountain barrier was in the long run an asset. Since Williamstown was practically cut off from the east, it was dependent on the west for its students. So as the west grew, the field for pro-



SJT

SPRING STREET AT ITS PEAK.

TEMPLETON COMPENSATES FOR A LITTLE MUD.

NO MAN WHO KNEW STU TEMPLETON AS I DID COULD SAY
A COLLEGE EDUCATION IS UNREWARDING.

spective students grew. Then as transportation difficulties decreased, Williams isolation became an asset, until today, the fact that it is 150 miles from any big city, gives it a decided advantage over other eastern colleges with the exception of Dartmouth. The beauty of its location goes a long way to balance the shortage of equipment. Williams men talk more of Williamstown than of the college. Other college men sing to alma mater but we stand and sing in reverence to "The Mountains." The dutch elm disease is a much more



OUR BERKSHIRE VALLEY.



GREYLOCK AND THE HOPPER.

serious threat to Williams prosperity than competition from any other college.

And while I'm on the subject of "Why Williams?" I can't overlook Mark Hopkins.* He built an educational institution without resorting to showmanship, football, or fanfare. He was still living in Williamstown when Father entered and I often heard Father say "seeing Mark Hopkins walk down the street was worth more than any one course," which is about what President Garfield meant when he said that his idea of a college was a log with Mark Hopkins on one end and a student on the other. But the saying that appeals to me most is of Mark Hopkins' own words, "Better kindle an interest than teach a thousand facts." It is difficult for me to write about Williams without suffering from "furor scribendi," particularly in regard to Mark Hopkins. He said or wrote more things that have come down to me verbatim, than any individual with the possible exception of Jesus Christ. He was the first college president east of the Mississippi, who had not had a religious education or background. He gained the title of "Doctor" as an M.D., which profession he was practicing in Philadelphia when the Trustees discussed with him the possibility of his accepting the

* President and Professor of Moral Philosophy at Williams 1836-72. Williams' first president, Ebenezer Fitch, had referred to the land east of the Hoosac Range as "A mere desert as to furnishing scholars for any college" and in 1821 Zephaniah Swift Moore had nearly wrecked the college by taking 15 students to elevate Amherst from a prep school to a college.

presidency of Williams. They questioned his lay background to which he answered that a college should be more than a full-time Sunday School. Others that come to my mind are:

"The Classics are the core of the curriculum."

"Tell me how a race spends its leisure and I will tell you where the race is going."

"A liberal education is the symmetrical development of the intellect."

"There is only one kind of education—self education."

"Avoid the dreadfully laborious business of pleasure and sightseeing."

"An educator should be more than an encyclopedia of facts."

He did his best to open the college library on Sundays which was not accomplished until 1830.

One of his biographers summed up his life as follows:

"For 57 years he taught the seniors of Williams College how to meet the demands of a new and marvelous century with the wisdom and faith of the ages. He kept the idea of a country boy in the chair of a country college in vogue when the trend was all mundane and urban."

There isn't much of interest about my courses that I can pass on to you. I lived four great years in that lovely valley and probably got more than the average boy did from my surroundings and less from my classes, as I wasn't very adaptable to a classical education. A

dead language never inspired me, especially when taught as if it had always been dead. I was without doubt the world's worst Latin student. I passed my entrance examinations more because my teachers at Asheville guessed well on which passages were going to be called for, than because of my ability to translate.

I passed the first semester of freshman Latin because I had a good memory, but since the second semester was all sight reading, I came to a barrier that kept me from getting a degree, and it wasn't for lack of effort or poor preparation, as my instructors believed. I knew the rules but just couldn't find their application. Since I had failed the second semester of freshman Latin, freshman, sophomore, and junior years, I was called before the dean, who was also the head of the Latin department, before the second semester started, senior year. He was overcome at my unique record and conscientiously set about concocting a plan that would assure me of a degree. I think he described the plan as fool proof. Too bad he didn't make it dumb proof. The idea was that no normal senior could fail freshman Latin if he did his daily work. So Professor Wild humbled himself and took a section of freshman Latin to which I was assigned and as an additional safeguard, I engaged Roy K. Hack, a Rhodes Scholar just back from Oxford, as tutor.

Things went well, I thought, for about six weeks, and then collapsed. Hack's conscience rebelled and he refused to take my money and surely he could find no other reason for tutoring me. I finished the year with

malice toward none and since I later received a fancier degree, Ph.B. (Litt), from The University of Chicago, my failure to become an elegant Latin student and receive a Williams degree hasn't been a serious handicap.

In 1955 George Humphrey and I received honorary degrees. My citation did not mention Latin to wit—"Dr. of Humane Letters, leader in the establishment on this Campus of The Alumni House, Industrialist, public servant, author, trustee of Asheville School, Wartime Professor of Military Science & Tactics at Texas A. & M., blessed to an extraordinary degree with the gift of friendship."

My only worry was that my grandfather might contemplate how his progeny has deteriorated. He graduated salutatorian of his class at Yale and delivered his commencement address in Latin. Father majored in Latin and received a commencement appointment. To show the importance my grandfather placed on Latin, I quote from his Will, "I desire the education of my said son to be as hereafter stated. As to languages, that he study his own thoroughly and as an assistance to a complete knowledge of it, I desire him to become an elegant Latin scholar." Well, his wishes were carried out but he knew where to stop.

His Will went on to dictate every course Father was to take, all at Yale. Since some were not even offered in 1875, Father wisely reasoned that if he could not follow his father's wishes as to courses there was no reason why he should let a document at least 25 years old influence his choice of colleges.

While I am talking of Grandfather's Will, I quote the part that appeals to me most:

"A large mahogany box marked 'Elizabeth Perkins' and my wife's traveling trunk, the keys of which will be found in my safe, containing various articles belonging chiefly to my wife, which together with her portrait I wish to have preserved entire in their present condition until my son arrives at his majority, when I direct that they shall be delivered to him. I desire exceedingly for his own sake, that he shall entertain the same affectionate regard for his mother's character which his father feels. I offer to him no prayer, except that he may inherit her virtues and I provide that these memorials of her shall be preserved for his future possession in the belief, that I can scarce consider superstition, that he cannot yield to evil passions or be guilty of unworthy deeds when daily reminded of her."

Several years later I read in a Cleveland paper that the daughter of President Thwing of Western Reserve University was betrothed to Dr. Roy K. Hack, professor of Romance languages at Williams College. I resolved to look up Dr. Hack. I approached him in the University Club rather unceremoniously and he failed to place me. By way of introduction I said, "I'm the worst Latin student you ever had" and without a second's hesitation, he replied, "Perkins." We then had a friendly chat in which he told me how near I had come to changing his career. He had planned to make Latin a live and interesting subject, but after working on me for six weeks, he had almost made up his mind

to exert his efforts toward plumbing or some vocation that would accept his efforts with some semblance of enthusiasm and intelligence, but fate had been kind to him since that cold March day in 1909, as he had never been inflicted with another pupil as impenetrable as I.

My only regret in connection with Latin, is that I wasted any time on it. There are any number of languages and hundreds of subjects about which it would have been a joy to know something, but because Latin was a fundamental when Williams was founded, it was still required in 1909. The geocentric theory of astronomy was once taught at Harvard. The worst part of Latin at Williams is that they never changed their teaching methods. While travelling on leave in France, after the Armistice, I noticed the Roman type of architecture in the south of France and learned for the first time that Gaul was France—this in spite of the fact that I had more trouble getting Caesar's army across the Rhine than his combined force of mule skimmers did.

Williams has always meant friendship and fun to me. The faculty, the tradesmen, the student body, all were friendly. The grouches, if there were any, made themselves ridiculous. It might amuse me to write a long list of incidents that pleased me during my four years, but as similar incidents are happening today, there wouldn't be much that I could add. My synonym for "Williams Spirit" would be "friendliness," and you don't have to be enrolled in the college to get the spirit of Williamstown.



"ALUMNI HOUSE"

The Alumni may tax the conservative New England idea of sobriety during commencement week, but their actions are more due to exuberance of spirits than to alcohol. And I don't know anything more conducive to hilarity than the discovery that time has done nothing to efface the beauty of Williamstown. I received almost as great a kick out of the antics of a black duck and her brood in a little pond where some Seniors had a week-end shack, at the time of Stub's graduation, as I did out of seeing him get his degree. Surely, no very false instruction could emanate from a place where fundamentals like raising a brood of wild ducks still exist. A Williams student automatically becomes a resident of Williamstown and for that reason he takes on the philosophy of a small town New Englander, whether he knows it or not.

I formed my hatred for keys in Williamstown, where nothing is ever locked and I haven't yet learned to keep a key. The only thing I ever lost was an automobile that was insured for twice its value.

I enjoyed my fraternity life and the influence of the older members was extremely timely and valuable, but why I should be asked to keep anything we did or said in our lodge a secret, is a mystery to me. Certainly we did nothing we were ashamed of and why should any group of friends be esoteric. Every upperclassman knows that this secrecy is merely a holdover from the password days of childhood, and it gives the freshman an entirely wrong impression. If we would only tell the freshman the truth, namely, that joining a fraternity



COL. EPH SIGNS HIS WILL
HENCE - - -



WEST COLLEGE ROOM

is a jug handled contract "to pay board in one place for four years, regardless of the quality or price of the food," we wouldn't have all the emotion and heartaches that attend fraternity initiations. I wouldn't regret being excluded from the semi-exclusive Alpha Delt house but it would be a major calamity to be kept off Spring Street, which is as free as the air. I can see no logic to the reasoning that fraternities should be abolished because of the disappointment some boys experience. It would be just as logical to abolish football because some unsuccessful candidates are disappointed. If Williams doesn't teach boys to take disappointments, it isn't preparing them for life.

The fact that the undergraduates of Williams are of more uniform background than those of many colleges tends strongly for democracy. Dan Hanna expressed this theory most aptly, when he said, "I sent my boys to public school to show them that they were no better than any other boys but I found it had the opposite effect. The fact that they had ponies, bicycles, etc. made them big shots in the eyes of their fellow students and it took two years in private schools to teach them that they were normal boys."

The same thing applies to athletic ability. Anyone who aspires to be a "big shot" is a sucker to go to Williams. You can't get your name in the headlines by playing in the minors. Williams teaches the unimportance of being important, better than it does Latin. Few suffer from xenophobia after six months of exposure to 500 friends.



THE DODGE ROOM

Since I have received an undue credit for making the Alumni House a reality, it might be well for me to share the major part of this credit with its rightful owners. I coyly admit it was my idea and the smartest I ever had but when it came to putting the idea on the campus, I didn't get off the side lines. I talked about the idea for five years and then realized the futility of talk, and sent a modest check to Charlie Makepeace '00, the college treasurer. I wanted to see what he would do with it. Before he cashed it he gave me some good advice, that started the project on its successful course. He suggested I be a little more specific in the purpose of my gift and then personally sell the idea to the Alumni Association. How logical—now we had a plan. I stipulated that the gift should go towards the establishment of an Alumni House that must (1) be on Spring Street, the center of extracurricular activities, (2) be open to all Williams Alumni and their friends, regardless of sex, age or college affiliation and (3) the use of the building be unrelated to any kind of dues.

Fortunately Stu Templeton '10 headed the Alumni Association, which gave us leadership. Stu's first act was to engage Ken Reynolds '16 as architect and then we had an organization. We next went to Phinney who concurred 100%, donated the land and building, furnished heat, light, etc. Then we had backing.

The idea took hold so that we had all the money we needed before the plans were completed. The finished

product, with the comfort and pleasure it has afforded Williams men, is my epitaph.

It was opened for the Amherst game in November '48. The Williams Club put on a buffet lunch in a tent that was essential to house the crowd. Provisions for heat and other creature comforts were lamentably inadequate, so Janet Garfield came up with the timely gift of the Dodge-Garfield room, which Ken Reynolds skillfully executed. In spite of the fact that this doubled our floor space, it proved inadequate as the idea increased in popularity. In 1952 I added the West College room, which I hope will suffice as long as Williams remains the "best of the smallest."

IV

CANADA

MY PERSONAL pleasure is my sole reason for writing a chapter on Canada. Many books describe much better than I, the feel of that great land, which the natives call "the bush." In relation to the time spent, Canada has left more of an impression on me than any place.

I received my initiation to Canada under ideal surroundings and at a very impressionable age. I had had two years at Asheville where canoeing played an important role in my ultra-curricular activities. One of my Asheville teachers took a group of us to his camp on Lake Temagami during the summer of 1904. I had looked forward to the canoeing but the thrill that hit me when our train pulled out of Toronto was entirely unexpected. Everyone on the train was, or at least looked, extremely interesting. I have never felt as mature or impressive as I did when I bought my first plug of Imperial pipe tobacco. The idea was to whittle off a pipe full and then crumble it in your hands. Then you assumed a nonchalant air as you held the terrible smelling sulphur match at arm's length while its first fumes burned out, before you lighted your pipe.

Pullmans ran to North Bay, then a freight to some point near Lady Evelyn Lake and from there to Tema-

gami by canoe. That was my idea of heaven—a place where a canoe was the only means of transportation. Even in these marvelous surroundings, I was true to my annual summer vocation of making up Latin. I neglected the Latin for canoeing and as I look back, it was a wise choice. Things learned under protest don't sink very deep or stay with you very long but with Indians and French Canadian guides and older and more experienced boys as teachers, I was an interested and industrious student in canoeing.

The next summer, having passed my college entrance examinations, I really went canoeing. I took a five weeks' trip which had an outdoor presentation of Longfellow's *Hiawatha* by Indians as its objective. This took place at Sudbury, which was then a lumber camp. The show was put on by the Canadian Pacific and followed an annual conclave and dance started long before the Indians had heard of Longfellow. The characters were portrayed by the finest specimens of human flesh I have ever seen. We learned they were the pick of all the Ojibway tribes. I remember particularly the character of Pau-Puk-Keewis, who in the poem changed into a beaver and dove from a cliff. He didn't change into a beaver but he made a beautiful dive from a sixty foot cliff. The fadeout or finale was most impressive. As *Hiawatha* stood in his birchbark canoe with upraised arms, the canoe glided off into the setting sun. The entire picture was so beautiful and in such harmony with the surroundings that to investigate or delve into what force propelled the canoe would have been ir-

reverent. It is now thirty-three years since that picture enthralled me but it is as vivid as if it had happened yesterday. I can remember as a little fellow bemoaning the fact that I would never see the wild west, passenger pigeons, etc. but of all the sights available to the average person, I can think of none that would so thrill a kid. Some experiences fade out with natural changes but others take their places.

From Sudbury we took the Canadian Pacific 140 miles west to Winebagon, which is only a switch track. The streams near the height of land were small, sluggish, and overgrown. Once out of arctic water, however, things improved and by the time we reached the Winebagon River, we were really canoeing. When we reached the Mississaga River, we used paddles as rudders, only. The current gave us plenty of speed but the many rocks put a great responsibility on the bowman. We generally portaged the sugar and other perishables and sinkables and ran the canoes down the many rapids. One of the funniest incidents I ever saw happened here. The Mississaga had recently (speaking geologically) cut a narrow gorge through a granite ridge and at the narrowest part the water boiled through much as it would in the neck of a venturi tube. I was with the portaging crew and we stopped at a high point to watch the light canoes run the rapids. The first two tipped over at the very beginning of the rapids. The third negotiated the vortex of the rapids in fine shape and appeared to be well "out." Just as the bowman, George Cross (an Asheville classmate who answered to the pseudonym of

"Goat") raised up on his knees to bow to the gallery on the highlands, his canoe sideswiped a submerged rock with such force that it threw Cross, paddle and all, out of the canoe. He disappeared entirely as the sternman took the canoe safely through. The trip ended where the Mississaga empties into the North Channel of Georgian Bay, 80 miles east of the Soo.

When I returned to camp I found a letter from my former Asheville roommate, Malcolm Erskine, with whom I had planned to room at Williams, to the effect that he was having a swell time in Switzerland and had decided to postpone his entrance into Williams for a year. When I finished his letter, I said, "That sticks me with a room at Williams," to which Charlie Hormel, my tentmate, answered, "I'll take it." So Mac's girl in Geneva was the cause of the closest friendship I ever made. Charlie had just graduated from Hotchkiss and was all set for Yale, but he was one of those remarkable fellows who thought and acted quickly and always came out on top. He would have laughed had any one called him a philosopher but he should have written a book on cheerfulness, loyalty and ability to live with others. We roomed together three years and if we ever fought it was by mutual agreement and to increase our source of laughs.

The following summers I took other trips through much the same type of lakes and rivers but I never found anything that equalled the last 50 miles of the Mississaga. One year we went to the Hudson Bay Post at the southern tip of James Bay. This country is ex-

tremely disappointing but abounds in game. We saw 14 moose, mostly cows and calves, in one day.

On another trip a stop at the Matachewan Hudson Bay Post was quite thrilling. We arrived after dark and pitched camp before paying respects to the factor. After we had visited in his shack for an hour or so, he informed us that the scarcity of Indians at the Post that summer was due to a smallpox epidemic. When Star Rodgers, later President of Texaco, heard this he made a bolt for the door but when the factor asked him where he was going, he decided to take time for a more dignified exit.

Shortly after this an old Indian woman came into the cabin talking very excitedly. We learned that she said some white men were across the river and were trying to attract attention. The factor was anything but sympathetic and waved her out in a most decisive manner. He told us her mind must be wandering as it would be impossible for anyone on foot to be on the other side of the river, which was the only means of egress and ingress. The next day we found the squaw had been right. A party of lawyer-prospectors had started out from Toronto to stake some claims—there had been quite a flurry in silver and copper around Cobalt—and proved conclusively that a lawyer has no business away from his desk. No foreign legion squadron ever set out more determined to commit suicide. Three days before they reached Ft. Matachewan, they abandoned everything, canoes, blankets, fishing tackle and axes and charged through the woods in a wild panic.

Why they, and their so-called guide, happened to find Ft. Matachewan would be a good Sunday morning subject for a Methodist minister.

On their return one of the party wrote an article that appeared in the December, 1906 issue of "Rod and Gun." I was so impressed with the stupidity of that party which it unwittingly elaborated on, that I keep that magazine in our mahogany box. I have read the article to all my children before they ventured into the bush and I hope it will be preserved for future generations. The notations are by our camp commander, A. S. Gregg Clark. The sight of those lost sheep was most harrowing. I have never seen grown men in such a deplorable condition. They couldn't understand why we were going on and with tears coursing down their cheeks, begged us to return to civilization with them.

I regret that I let such a long time elapse between these college trips and my next visit to the bush. It was in the summer of 1915 that Margaret, the Mike Bradys and Nell Summerville of Rapidan, Virginia, visited Dewey Brown, a college mate who was running the woods end of The Brown Paper Company. We started in at LaTuque, where Dewey lived and paddled up the St. Maurice. The real objective of the trip was a moose head. We didn't get the moose but the trip was delightful although very different from anything I had experienced before. We carried every possible luxury and convenience with us, or rather a crew of six guides carried them. The trout fishing was excellent



IN SPITE OF PAUL SIHLER'S CONCEPTION OF MY AVOCATION, THIS WAS MY ONLY VENTURE INTO BIG GAME HUNTING.

and with the prosperous Brown Corporation at our service, we really went camping.

The next year we took a very similar trip and this time I was supposedly lucky in that I changed a stately moose into a worthless mural decoration. The pure blooded Indian who by the use of different calls and splashes enticed the bull to within 200 feet of me, deserved 99% of the credit for the demise of the animal, but he was satisfied with the tongue and the liver.

My next experience was in 1930 when Dewey repeated such a party in some virgin timber his company had purchased in the Gaspé peninsula. This time I was thrilled to have Katharine get a moose. I was more



delighted, however, to see her develop a love and ability for fly casting.

We took other trips in Canada and while I lost my enthusiasm for heavy packs and rough portages, Canada never failed me. At 52 I was able to pass on to my youngest boy, Leigh, the joy of living in a tent on a lake full of fish, where beaver, deer and moose played. He appears to be developing the same love of the Canadian bush that his Dad has, so the border can get along without forts for another generation.

V

MILITARY

I JOINED TROOP A, 1st Ohio Cavalry in December, 1912, more as a matter of routine than because I felt any patriotic urge. The first reaction that hit me and which was extremely novel was that I found I wasn't peculiarly dumb about horses. Since I had always been ridiculed for lacking a lopsided memory for horses, I supposed I would never get beyond the rookie squad in a Cavalry outfit. I found, however, that to remember, ride, feed and take care of my own horse was all that was expected of me. So, for the first time, I approached a horse without fear of being ridiculed.

The next satisfaction that the Troop gave me came during my first active duty. In March, 1913, we were sent to Fremont, Ohio, to guard unprotected property due to a flood. On the train to Fremont, the usual rumors of the horrors of war were rife and I wondered how I would behave when confronted by a bloodthirsty ghoul. We no more than stepped off the train than a feeling of decided security and pride in the privilege of wearing the uniform came over me. We were then assigned sections of demolished streets to guard. I had a street light at one end of my post but nothing more definite than "the next guard's post" at the other. As I walked over pianos, furniture and dead pets, I heard

some one coming at me whom I commanded to halt. It turned out to be the next guard, Pres Ely. When I told him my eerie post extended to the next light, he replied, "You are lucky. Mine goes to the second star."

As my interest in the Troop and the general subject of national defense increased, I found that I was able to make my instructors think that I was normally intelligent about horses and for the first time in my life, I found someone who would teach me the fundamentals. Father always had an idea that if the Lord failed to bestow the fundamentals of horse knowledge on a child, it was a waste of food and time to raise him. I once found him in a very dejected mood on his porch at Mentor and when I questioned him, he said, "I've just had Jimmy (his eldest grandson) at the stable and found that after four years at Yale, he hasn't learned how to put a bridle together."

At one of the first fox hunts at Guy's Cliff, when a reporter asked for a good seat from which to watch the hunt, Father ordered up a horse. When the reporter started to mount from the off side, Father said, "Take the horse back. After you learn from which side to mount a horse, you might learn to write, but I'm not going to hold up the hunt that long." I will say that Father revised his opinion of my future when I passed my corporal's examination, which included the fundamentals of horsemanship.

The Troop was and still is a marvelous outfit. In combining exercise, education, companionship, hard work, national patriotism and civic duty, it attracts the



THE MAD HOUSE.

BACK ROW: JOHN N. GARFIELD, J. W. GARRETT,
HOWARD P. EELLS, GORDON H. MICHLER.

FRONT ROW: PETER CONNOR, DOUG CRAWFORD, PAT PAYSON.

top young men of Cleveland. Contrary to popular opinion, it has no social standing in the normal interpretation of those words. Any decent man who does his work cheerfully gets into and places in the Troop. One of the most popular Troopers—Bob Pate—joined the Troop as a waiter. It is, of course, true that war is getting so technical that a college training gives a candidate for a commission a decided advantage.

The border tour of duty was the most ideal experience we fortunate 105 ever had. It came like a

thunderbolt in June 1916. I was at commencement when the word came that United States was at war with Mexico and that the National Guard was being mobilized on the border. I happened to be reuning with a group of seniors who were much impressed with the presence of a hero and envied me in the great experiences I was about to have. As they were all of age, I explained that the army was not as difficult to get into as college and after many whispered conferences and more speeches that were not whispered, I called Captain Norton and learned that they, seven of them, would be accepted in the Troop, if they would report immediately. So, without waiting for degrees, that represented, in some cases five years' work, we left for Cleveland.

The first part of the trip fitted into their plans very well, as one of them, John Garfield, was married in Cleveland June 27th, 1916 and with that job finished to their complete satisfaction, they were ready for any number of Mexican bandits. It took me three years to get over the black eye I asked for in recommending these seven men for the Troop. There never assembled a more dissolute, worthless group. Captain Bob did his best to get even with me by assigning all seven to my corporal's squad and while that may have been my punishment and attached the name of "Madam of the Mad House" to me for life, it did little to relieve the situation as far as troop discipline was concerned.

I shouldn't really condemn all seven of these dissolutes with the same verdict. Peter Connor was outstanding in his effort to outdo the others in their contest

to win the title of "world's worst soldier." Two incidents in his military career still give me great amusement. The Troop was in its full regalia preparatory to a divisional review. The hot air was saturated with alkali dust but everybody kept his horse in line, everybody except Connor. A sergeant, riding as file closer, rebuked Connor:

"Connor, get up in line."

Connor: "I'm in line."

Sergeant: "No, you're two feet out of line. Get up there."

Connor: "Well, what the hell is two feet in Texas."

During Connor's brief business and social career in Cleveland, before he succumbed to patriotism, he had fallen deeply in love with one of Cleveland's most beautiful and talented young ladies. The army not only took him away from her but army life did not furnish the time, the environment nor the facilities for writing his thoughts of love. But Connor was resourceful and by some skullduggery influenced the corporal of the guard to put him in charge of a pile of goods, where his time would be his own for a double shift of four hours. At the end of the four hours, he rose from his pile of blankets to gather the literary fruits of his efforts. They weren't where he had put them, they must have blown away. Then the horrible truth struck him. The Troop goat had eaten every page and all those passionate reams that were prepared to draw tears from tender eyes had no gastronomical effects on the goat.



DAN HANNA TAKES NO CHANCES OF CONCEALED WEAPONS. MEXICAN BANDITS ARE TOUGH.

But, if the Troop suffered, the eight bums profited and by the end of our nine month tour of duty, they were reasonably well behaved and have since settled down to become substantial citizens. And that is consistent with the effect the border experience had on all of us.

The truth has never been told as to why the National Guard was held on the border all that time. Many feel that G. H. Q. foresaw our entry into the War and took this method of getting the National Guard ready. Certainly no cattle thief like Villa could have caused all that fuss, because stealing cattle from the other side of the border was an old game to the thieves of both sides.

To return to the preparedness theory, no military authority who had ever read the daily papers could have thought that a huge cavalry maneuver in Texas would prepare the troops for trench warfare. But regardless of logic, we had a great time.

We divided our time between Fort Bliss, east of El Paso, and Fabens, an outpost town 40 miles southeast of El Paso, on the Rio Grande. The work at Fort Bliss was very strenuous as we had all the officers of the 8th and 17th U. S. Cavalry watching us, while at Fabens the work was entirely in the hands of our own officers and the chief duty was patrolling the border which wasn't very different from a day's duck hunt on horseback with a good lunch at a cross road saloon.

It strikes me now that after six months of regular army life, we weren't very different from any other



army outfit. We groused and complained about every peccadillo but took the big things in our stride. As Mess Sergeant I saw both sides of a soldier's philosophy. If strawberry jam was generally on the table for Wednesday noon mess, there would be a riot if the cook tried blackberry jam for a change and yet when a detail was ordered to survey San Elisario Island—an island made by the sudden shift of the Rio Grande's course—they accepted their additional work with enthusiasm.

Our Captain, Bob Norton, gave us all the rope and liberties possible, but when regulations or orders from higher up made it necessary for him to cut privileges his title of "Sweet Old Bob" was abridged to initials.

I took on the title of belly robber by the simple expedient of watching the garbage can. If a trooper took more than he could eat I was on hand to record his swine tendency and see that at the next meal he was docked. There was no place for waste on the government allowance of 31¢ per day. I instituted the "come-and-get-it" plan which was later called "buffet."

El Paso was a Baghdad during the winter of '16-'17 and attracted both good and bad. There were good running races in Juarez, Mexico and the city was so interesting that it was hard to get to camp before taps, in spite of the fact that reveille was at 5:30 A. M. We had wonderful opportunities to see things that would be difficult to duplicate. I remember the cowboys who were in charge of the government horses. Four of them handled 200 horses with little trouble. I remember see-



WE HAD OPPORTUNITIES TO STOP SMUGGLERS BUT WERE
IN THE WRONG BRANCH OF THE SERVICE.

ing one of the four, who was so black that his ancestry might have been African, acquire a horse in the center of a milling group. With only a grunt to his three companions, he cut his way to the horse he wanted and then dropped the noose of a very short rope over its head and dragged it out. The horse proved absolutely unbroken and vicious but the cowboy never faltered until he had it saddled and bridled. His original horse was evidently thoroughly trained but he passed him up with no more sentimental farewell than a slap on its rump with his quirt.

The highlight of the border trick was Thanksgiving dinner at Fabens. The military emergency, if there ever had been one, had faded so that Captain Bob was willing to part with the major part of the Veteran's Fund,



which had been put at his disposal when we left Cleveland. His instructions had been to spend the money on comforts for the men and since they had probably been more comfortable than the donors, the fund was still intact.

As Mess Sergeant, my instructions were to serve a Thanksgiving Dinner that lacked no trimmings. We had inherited a well-built adobe mess shack from a



REAL CONSERVATION
MY METHOD OF CONVERTING TROOP GARBAGE INTO PORK.

preceding outfit, so the setting was perfect. When I finished a two day shopping tour in El Paso, I felt that Oscar of the Waldorf was no better than a bus boy. I prepared for 150 which turned out to be right, as the rumors of my wild spending spree trickled from grocery boy to officer's kitchen, to officer's wife, to officer, so that when mess call sounded, the Troop was honored with more informal inspectors and social callers than it had ever before enjoyed. Our stoves and kitchen equipment were entirely inadequate, so I had turkeys, brussels sprouts and mince pies in every kitchen within two miles of Fabens. As our dinner was scheduled for six, we had no noon mess and the Captain decided to hold the Troop shoot that day. Just when I had received word that Mrs. Joe Spick's stove pipe had collapsed and I should rescue the Troop turkey from the chimney soot, I was ordered to report on the range immediately to finish my course. I sent back a whole saddle full of compliments and explanations that I was otherwise occupied. In about ten minutes, I received a very definite order, with very uncomplimentary salutations, to appear pronto. Very much upset at having the importance and dignity of the great work I was doing so rudely interrupted, I grabbed the messenger's gun and horse and galloped to the range. I was told that I was short the 200 and 300 yard rapid fire. On threat of no dinner, I demanded an immediate opportunity, so without one calibrating shot and with a strange rifle, I proceeded to pump away. The time restriction was entirely



SOME OF OUR EFFORTS ON THE RIO GRANDE
WEREN'T ENTIRELY FUTILE.



WE SOMETIMES CROSSED THE INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY.



INTERNATIONAL FENCE. ARM BAND INDICATES THE
HOLDING OF A COMMISSION.

unnecessary, as I could see burned turkeys sitting on the front sight. Without waiting for the marker's score, I galloped back to my kitchen, more indignant than ever. That night I was informed that I had made a score of 99 out of a possible hundred, which was about 20 better than I had ever done before, when I had practiced for hours and allowed for wind, etc.

The dinner was good in spite of its inauspicious start. I had asked for extra K. P.'s which caused a great howl, so the captain, with the wisdom of a Solomon, decided that no private should serve that day, but that I could take all the K. P.'s I wanted from the non-coms, who ordinarily were immune to such menial work. That put the hot potato right in my lap and to keep from getting lynched, I requisitioned every non-com. Our 20' x 10' kitchen was already jammed with pies, Mexicans, oil lamps and dishes and 20 non-cooperative non-coms weren't adding to the cooks' efficiency. I told Sgt. Pick Blossom to go outside and mix the cocktails. I knew this would clear the kitchen of its most disturbing element. When things in the kitchen became a trifle more orderly, I stepped out to see how Pick was progressing. I'll never forget the sight that greeted me. Pick had regimented all his helpers into a human conveyor system. One group opened cases of gin and vermouth, the next group opened the bottles and a third emptied them into a large G. I. (galvanized iron can ordinarily used for garbage) without regard to proportions or numbers. Over the can stood Pick, stripped to the waist, shouting encouragement and orders and batting

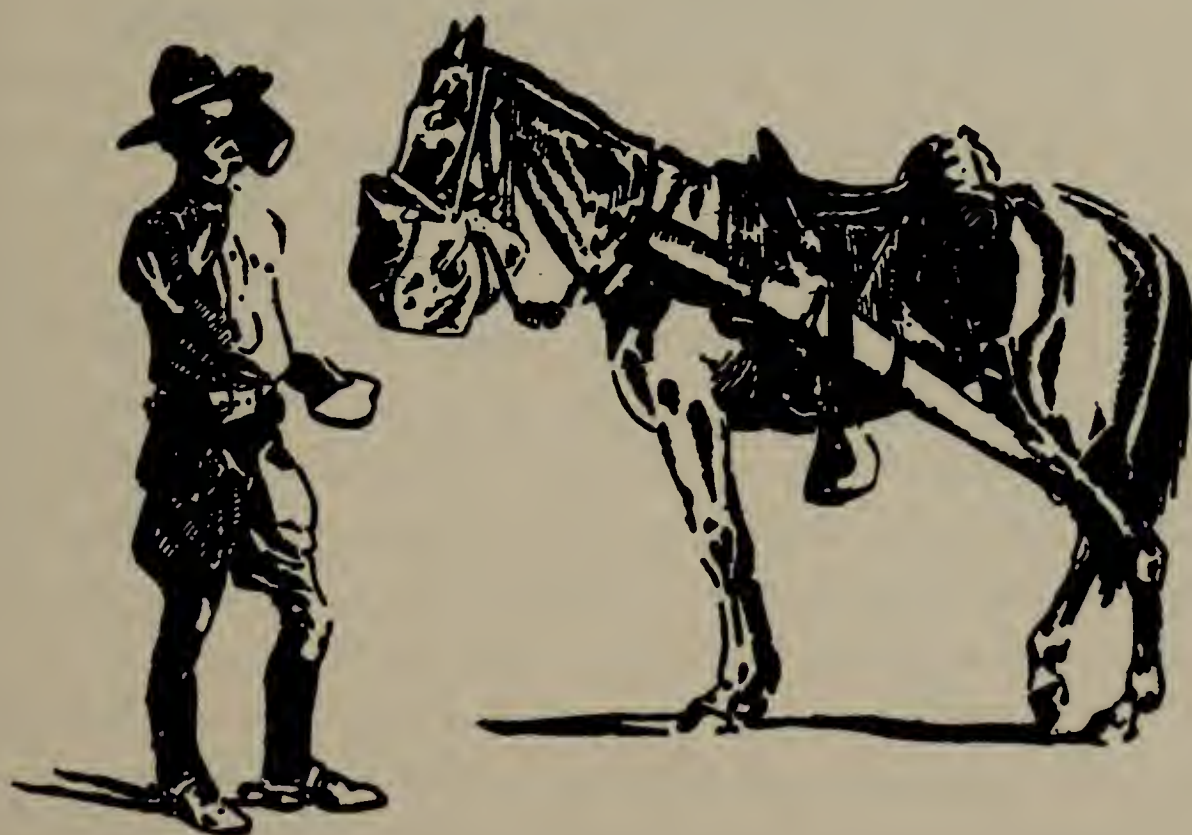
at two 50 lbs. cakes of ice with the butt of a service rifle. The cocktails weren't bad but they ruined the K. P. detail, so that only a small proportion of the oyster soup that left the kitchen reached the diners. Level-headed privates, like Bud Stewart, came to my rescue and the dinner proceeded with normal army cuisine.

While that dinner may have been the highlight of the border experience, it was only typical of many. We learned little from a military standpoint that applied to the World War, but we learned that things are never as bad as they appear and if you do your individual job and take your fun when and where you find it, you will probably find a lot. That philosophy is about 90% of the success of soldiering and maybe 91% of living. We, thereby, served better for having avoided the hard-boiled martinets. I didn't realize at the time how fortunate we were to be in the cavalry, where it is not considered a crime to have a good time and be comfortable. Our cavalry instructors, both commissioned and non-commissioned, were fine fellows who were always willing to give us all the time necessary to tell and show us "how to get along" and they didn't often refer to books. The army, like the rest of the world, is no place for an efficiency expert. I wish the 100 enlisted men of the Troop who were commissioned in the First World War could report on the effect the border experience had on their service. To liken those horse chambermaids to Washington's generals may sound presumptuous but a quotation from our first general's description of his own officers seems



Troop A
1st Sqd'n Ohio Cavalry

Thanksgiving Dinner



November 30, 1916
Fahens, Texas

apropos because of the validity of our amateur standing. "Our officers were amateurs of the deadliest sort, deadly because their minds were uncluttered with useless military formalities and hence devastatingly effective."—George Washington.

I received one bit of advice or philosophy from a cavalry captain that I often wish I had followed closely. When the Troop moved from Fort Bliss to Fabens I was sent to our new camp, to make sure the kitchen would be operating when the Troop arrived. As I was sending an empty wagon back to El Paso, I introduced myself to the Captain of the relieved troop and asked if I could take any of his personal belongings back to El Paso. He looked at me intently and holding up a toothbrush, said, "Young man, you now see my only tangible possession. Uncle Sam agreed to feed, clothe and shelter me and I'm going to hold him to his word. When you are as old as I am, you will realize that happiness and possessions, especially useless ones, never go hand in hand." Some other army man once said, "Happiness never comes to those who are chained and fettered by desires and possessions." Hence I'm against giving or receiving wedding presents. "Pas de Cadeau."

So, my first war ended without half the discomfort that accompanies one ride in a New York subway and endowed me with an experience that I wouldn't sell for any tangible thing. The *joie de vivre* compensated for the low pay—\$15 to \$36.00 per month.

In March, 1917, just as war was declared, we were ordered home and I think we were the last Ohio



I STILL THINK OF MYSELF AS AN ENLISTED CAVALRYMAN
WHOSE CHEST EXPANDS UNDER YELLOW.

National Guard outfit to get home. Of course, we were not released but had the decided advantage of living at home, while we changed from a troop of State cavalry to a regiment of Federal Field Artillery. I, along with most members of the border troop, was commissioned. The others went to officers' training school. Our regiment spent the winter of 1916-17 at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama. Montgomery wasn't nearly as attractive as El Paso and most of the officers wished they were back on the troop (battery) streets where there was more fun and less responsibility. Again the training for trench warfare was inexcusably poor. The curbstone rumor was that G. H. Q. planned to have the

Americans open up the war, so there was no use in teaching us trench warfare tactics.

I had an unique experience when ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. General Wm. R. Smith, our Brigade Commander, had been the head of the mathematics department at West Point and was one of the finest teachers I ever had. The course in firing at Fort Sill was largely mathematics and the word had been sent out that 40% of all entrants were to be flunked. Each artillery regiment in this country was to send an officer a week to attend a ten weeks' course. General Smith made up his mind that 40% of his officers would not flunk, so gave us all an excellent course in trigonometry and calculus. As a result he transferred some of his officers to the supply companies and motor transport corps. He gave the rest of us a fight talk on how our marks would reflect on the brigade. He also arranged to have the last officer admitted to Fort Sill meet the succeeding one and explain the many regulations and duties. A week before I was to depart, our division commander, General Charles Treat, asked that I favor him by taking his unmarried daughter, Katherine, with me to Fort Sill where she planned to visit her sister, the wife of Major Archibald Arnold. Without waiting for the pretty speech of acceptance that I was trying to put into words, he said, "You are excused from further duties here." As soon as I contacted his daughter, I found that she and Margaret had arranged the entire party, which included Laurence Norton—aide to Gen-

eral Treat—and a four day visit in New Orleans. So, we four had a great spree in that famous old city. Laurence had been an attaché to Ambassador Herrick in Paris and the things he didn't think of to eat just didn't exist. I didn't recognize a thing that I ate or drank for those four days.

From New Orleans Miss Treat and I left for Fort Sill and Margaret and Laurence returned to Montgomery. Enroute, I was attacked by an eye ache so severe it practically blinded me. On arrival at Fort Sill late Saturday evening I told Jack Hadden, of the class senior to mine, that I wanted to go immediately to a medico for eye treatment. In a rather alarmed voice he said that would be the worst possible thing to do as an eye ache was sufficient grounds on which to be flunked out. You must realize we had lived in the army so long that we over-emphasized the importance of our army record. His alternative was to find a civilian doctor before my classes started the following Monday. So Sunday morning we started across the plains—there were no roads—for Lawton, the nearest town. Inquiry at the drug store disclosed that Lawton's only oculist was also a chicken raiser and we would find him at his ranch five miles south. He looked more like a chicken raiser than an oculist, but he was interested and friendly. His greatest value to me at that moment lay in the fact that he was the only oculist within 300 miles and I had to be able to distinguish a "graze over" from a "graze short" at 3000 yards at eight the next morning. So we took him back to his office over the drug store

where he examined my eye for a long time without a word of encouragement. Finally, he diagnosed my case as gout of the eye and my history for the preceding week certainly substantiated his prognosis. It is about the same as "Monday morning sickness" in work horses, which is caused by a day's rest after hard work.

The treatment was all the water I was able to force myself to consume, accompanied by lithia tablets. It worked a miraculously speedy cure and I reported to my chicken-raising eye doctor at my first opportunity that he had saved the reputation of General Smith, the Perkins family and the 62nd Field Artillery Brigade and was, therefore, entitled to a fat fee. He resented the idea of accepting anything from a man in uniform. And now comes the remarkable part of this long story. I've told it to innumerable doctors and oculists and only a small percentage have ever heard of gout of the eye and only one had ever actually seen a case.

When near the end of my course at Sill, I found two orders in my mail box. One to report to my regiment at Camp Upton, Long Island, and the other to report to the Chief of the firing department for duty as an instructor. My stomach had all the Oklahoma sand it could take, so I dutifully reported to Camp Upton. I was so afraid of having the other order enforced that I persuaded a classmate to drive me to the next town where I awaited the first train to St. Louis. There I met Margaret and Janet Garfield. As the following contingent of officers who had waited for government travel orders had a few hours between trains, we took a room

at the Statler, where we could get a drink. Men in uniform were not served in public places. My idea was well received and the two girls immediately ordered 12 cocktails. The waiter blinked, but filled the order while the 12 officers hid in the closet and bathroom. Before the waiter returned to the bar, the order was duplicated and when he found two entirely composed ladies ordering the second dozen cocktails, he turned the entire business over to the house detective, who solved the mystery to everybody's complete satisfaction.

At Upton (I was now a captain), I was put on the job of regimental adjutant, for which I was as poorly fitted as any man in the outfit. But Neal Gray, the regular adjutant, was having a wharf marriage, so the duty of deciding who was entitled to a 24 hour leave in New York fell on me. I decided every one was, so sent to headquarters for 1300 "pass" blanks. Instead I received a hurry call from the C. O. He panned me as a dumb yokel who had no idea of the awful things that could happen to a soldier in New York. I referred him to my Colonel, who, I knew, would stand by me, so every man had 24 hours in New York and every man was back on time and the consequences were all taken care of by a twelve day ocean voyage. I tell this story as an illustration of the advantage of going to war as a member of a team. When an officer sets out to give his men all the fun and comfort the situation permits, he has gone a long way towards "making an outfit."

Our departure from New York harbor was most gala. We had flags, ticker tapes, whistles, airplanes and fancy

yachts, all doing their best to make us think we were heroes. A staff officer addressed us on the dock, telling us how lucky we were to be among the chosen few worthy of fighting for our flag. But when he looked at his wrist watch and found he was late for cocktails, he cut the address short, but not too short.

An hour later things were quite different. Our good ship, *Hororata*, recently from the Australian cheese trade, was unable to keep up with the other ships of the convoy, so we were ordered to put into Halifax and await a slower convoy. There, the let-down from hero leaves in New York to being marooned in a foggy harbor, was completed. But the navy came back on the job when we entered the danger zone in the Irish Sea. Once the scraping of our keel interrupted a good poker game and was followed by a very efficient smoke screen and innumerable depth bombs, but whether we scraped a submarine or a whale, is information that didn't pass between the two branches of the service.

Our short stays in Liverpool, Knottyash and Winchester were uneventful. England was accustomed to the war and American troops were just another regiment. The talk the Winchester camp commander gave us was typically English. He gave us a very interesting lecture on the history of Winchester; an important city before the Romans; the first capital of England; captured by Cromwell. Then he told us of the many interesting things to be seen—the castle, built by William the Conqueror and the seat of parliament for over 400 years; the Cathedral, built before 1000 and the seat of

the first non-monastic college in history. And then: "Of course, you will not be permitted to leave camp because the hour of your departure from Southampton is a military secret."

France was different. The French really put on a show. They did their best to make us think we were the straw that would break the Kaiser's back. Their hospitality was manifested by the heartiness of their cheer when we rendered the Marseillaise. As we marched up the hill we were showered with flowers and we wondered how the French had held out so long without us, but they evidently felt they could get along a little longer, for they shipped us south to Bordeaux instead of northeast to the front. We were having a good time, seeing a lot, so what difference did it make whether we went north or south.

We detrained at Bordeaux and immediately marched to Camp deSooge, where we were put in fairly comfortable barracks. We expected Bordeaux to be a sort of "warming up" practice before getting into the big show, but found we were to go through a five weeks' training program. About one third of the officers of the regiment had graduated from The School of Fire at Fort Sill and we felt we were wasting the taxpayers' money in being held for more training. I'll never forget the shock we received. Major Kelly, a hard-boiled Irish-American, recently from the Rainbow Division, presided and he opened the meeting with, "All officers who have attended Sill, raise their hands." In our eagerness to show our superiority, we almost

stood up, as we expected either to be excused or appointed as assistant instructors. But after counting the hands, he continued, "Well, it's unfortunate there are so many, for they will not only have to learn what we teach here but they will have to forget all they learned at Sill and the time required is about the same for each." And he was absolutely right. The stuff we had slaved over in Oklahoma was a relic of Indian warfare. It was a lot of fun to gallop at the head of a battery to the top of a hill, have the enemy pointed out to you and then see how long it would take to drop a shrapnel or shell at an effective point. The technique was to make some lightning calculations—no pencil permitted—and use that first salvo to correct on. If you missed your target by 800 yards, it didn't make much difference, if you made the right correction for the second salvo.

France is all mapped in kilometer coordinates and most firing assignments were given out hours in advance and the guns were so accurately laid that the direction and velocity of the wind at various elevations, the temperature of air and shells had to be taken into account. In addition, each lot of shells and each gun had its personal coefficient of habitual departure from normal. We used the metric instead of the lineal system. The French measure angles counter-clockwise and divide the circle into 6400 mills, while we measure clockwise and divide the circle into 360.° The French are far ahead of us. The lineal system is just as far behind the metric as the English system of currency is behind ours. We liked the metric system so well with

its logical relationships between length, surface and weight that some service outfits tried to have our government adopt it but the machinery manufacturers successfully fought its adoption. The war did influence the army to adopt the 24 hour clock, but this has had no effect on the civilian clock. So a Sill degree became a liability and those who hadn't been at Sill were proud of the fact.

But we lived the life of Riley. After our Saturday morning examinations, we were excused until Monday morning. Bordeaux was almost as much of a soldier's heaven as El Paso, the food and wine were better and much less expensive. Chapeau Rouge is the finest restaurant in the world for a hungry man. Chateau Fin is a little fancier but with your appetite whetted by a week's hard work in a broiling sun, it answered the purpose. We passed up Saturday lunch as it might encroach on our cocktail hour, spent on the quay in a little cafe run by a Frenchman who learned to make martinis at Cafe Martin in New York and I suppose if Monday had ever been a holiday, we would all have wound up with gout of the eye.

I learned more French from a newsboy, who delivered the afternoon paper to my tent, than I did at Williams. He started with the fundamentals, or meaning of the words, and didn't waste time on grammar.

It was at deSooge that I pulled my prize boner of the war. I had just started to conduct fire and because of an early morning fog, I couldn't find a thing

through my binoculars that indicated where the shells were bursting, so in a very unorthodox and non-regulation way, I shouted to Ed Jewett, who was in charge of the guns, "Take a shot at Pyrené Puplier," which was a very prominent Lombardy poplar near, but off the range. Well, Ed took the shot and fortunately used shrapnel, that bursts in the air, for immediately a Dodge Sedan came hurtling out from behind some low trees that surrounded the poplar. I knew things weren't going to look so good for my battalion so began giving orders from my tower about 100 feet back of the guns. I was right, things looked bad. The Dodge Sedan, well spattered with shrapnel, came tearing down the road back of me with the horn blowing and an American General leaning out of the back seat, bellowing, "Cease Fire." In five minutes all the brass in camp were holding a conclave and for the next three hours every gun crew was put on the spot. The brass hats assumed a crew had disobeyed orders for they never dreamed that any one had ordered them to fire off the range. But with Ed Jewett's help, my gun crew answered the questions in true army fashion and I wasn't bobtailed back to the farm in Mentor. Of course, the incident got considerable publicity and my brother officers never ceased to delight in seeing me turn pale when they greeted me, when higher officers were on hand with "Hey, Eddie, take a shot at Pyrené Puplier." Fortunately we left deSooge for the front shortly after this incident, so I had the satisfaction of being baptized to fire before a

court-martial, which never materialized, caught up with me.

We started at almost the extreme eastern end of the front. The infantry of the 37th Division had been at the front for three weeks, so were way ahead of us and we never caught up with them. We first supported the 92nd division of colored infantry. The first combat order that came to me was a copy of an order to the infantry regiment and gave very vivid instructions on how one sergeant, two corporals and six men should swim the Moselle at 3 and then proceed down the left (north) bank until they contacted the enemy. Object of the raid—"To determine position and strength of the enemy and to take prisoners." The order was sent to the artillery in order that we would know where not to fire. From 3 on I didn't sleep much and at 8 I breathlessly broke in on Major Prince of the infantry to learn of the raid. "What raid?" he answered. A little taken back, I produced my copy of the order. He read it carefully as if he had never seen it before and then answered, "Oh, never pay attention to those things. These niggers just crawl over the parapet, shoot crap in some shell hole and then come in with some cock-and-bull story." Here I was doing just what I had been told not to do,—taking the war too seriously.

Like all inexperienced troops, by trying out our marksmanship, we spoiled a nice quiet sector. From here we moved by comfortable stages, supporting several divisions, but never getting into any major offensive.

We were known as Baker's Tourists, seeing everything yet never getting hurt. Of course, the big offensive that broke the Hindenburg Line had started so it wasn't very hazardous to follow the infantry. We were often so far back of actual fighting that we were billeted in villages. No tourist ever learned to know the French the way the American soldier did. The law of the land gives the French troops and their Allies the right to use every dwelling on the basis of its tax value. In other words, if you own a 10,000 franc house, you must provide, on demand, lodging for one officer and two men, for which the government pays a stipulated amount per day. Whatever the government paid, it wasn't enough and no matter how shelltorn a house was, the cooking was fine and the hostess always had a comfortable bed for you. We were just about to get in a real offensive, when the armistice came.

On November 8th we were ordered to fire a box barrage with smoke shells. The box is a three-sided curtain of fire, with the front open. Its objective is to cut out a part of the enemy front line so that our infantry could take prisoners. The order arrived at our battalion headquarters after dark and the barrage was to start at dawn. I sent a bugler for our three battery captains. As he left Dewey Sigler's dugout he fell and his face lit on some carbide that Dewey had thrown out of a defective acetylene lamp. He mistook the offensive odor for gas and gave the alarm. So down the line, the cry "GAS" was sounded. Jack Hadden and I were struggling with the figures necessary to get the barrage off

in six hours. That meant that each of the 12 guns of the battalion had to have the direction and elevation figured for each shot of the barrage and a mistake might well mean the killing of our own men. The gas cry was absurd, as we were on a hilltop where no heavier-than-air gas could reach us and no gas shells had dropped near us that night. But, when nerves are taut, the power of imagination is strong and our superior officer insisted he had been badly choked, so gas masks were ordered. The point of all this story is to portray a typical war situation. To be forced, for no good reason, to wear a gas mask is much like trying to change tires without a jack, while your wife waits for you on a crowded street corner in the rain. And here is the sequel. The major went to bed, we took off our masks, and the smoke barrage was highly successful. Our infantry captured 18 prisoners without a casualty and I was pressed into service as an interpreter, which is the only time I ever put my year in a German public school to practical use. It came about because when I went forward to check on our barrage, I visited with the prisoners. I was merely passing the time of day with them and trying out my Weisbaden (where I went to public school) German. One of the prisoners had an order for a two weeks' furlough in his pocket and had he not gone out to say goodbye to his brother who was in a lookout post, he would then have been at his own wedding breakfast. All his buddies consoled him with the assurance that all German civilians believed that the Americans gelded their prisoners so the prospective bride would find herself another schatz

(sweetheart). I told him I couldn't offer a substitute for a wedding breakfast, but I did get them the best meal they had had in a long time. We were all enjoying our second cup of coffee when the infantry colonel arrived and after giving me many questions to ask the P. G.'s (Prisonnier de Guerre), complimented me on my method of extracting information. Ever since childhood, I had diligently searched for an audience which would appreciate my German songs that I had learned in Weisbaden. The fact that they had a definite promise that they would be home by Christmas probably had more to do with the freedom of the military information they passed out than the breakfast or songs.

I can tell an incident that should make every American realize how fortunate we are in having the world's best dentists. While at the front I lost a filling and when we next moved, galloped ahead of my battalion, and found a French army dentist. He immediately produced the tongs and when I remonstrated, he called in all his assistants and used my mouth as clinical material for a half hour lecture. When I finally caught up with our regimental dentist, he said I might well have lost a good tooth.

The Armistice hour was quite dramatic. We had been ordered to cease firing but had no idea the Germans would obey a similar order. Eleven o'clock happened to be calibrating hour. Calibrating means firing at some conspicuous object to test the accuracy of your guns, ammunition and firing data. So at eleven A. M. November 11th we found ourselves in quite a party and both

sides hurried their fire, so that the taxpayers wouldn't be cheated. (A 75 mm. shell costs over \$4.00.) Lt. Col. George Greenhalgh and I were observing fire from a hill and when everything stopped, felt as if we had been shot at and missed.

The "no fraternizing" order didn't reach us till November 13th so we had a day and a half to compare notes with our enemies. They greeted us with "Gestern haltz schnitten, heute comerade," which made us proud that we had helped "to end all wars."

The Armistice brought us the only real discomforts of the war. The war being over, the S. O. S. (Service of Supplies) stopped work and we went hungry. The Germans pulled out two days later, so we didn't have anyone to talk to. For three weeks we wallowed in the mud and cursed the S. O. S., the army in general, and the tantalizing "A. E. F. Herald," that told us of the great celebrations in Paris and London. Shortly after Thanksgiving, we were moved back to Pierfitte, a delightful French village. Here we really had an opportunity to enjoy the French peasants or farmers in their homes or at their best. While orders from G. H. Q. advised us that only an Armistice had occurred and that hostilities might break out any day, it was impossible to get either officers or men to do any constructive training.

Champagne flowed at 8 francs a quart in every house and the returning French soldiers had never seen their little farming village so prosperous or gay. More to fill in the time than for any other reason, we decided to

give the children of Pierfitte a Christmas they would never forget. With 1300 men, many of whom were expert mechanics and electricians, we erected a Christmas tree in the center of the village that compared favorably with the one on the Public Square in Cleveland. We had a present for every kid under 18. Christmas eve, Laurence Norton, dressed as Santa, put on a wonderful show and when it was all over, we failed to find a kid who had been overlooked. So possibly the 135th's trip to Europe wasn't entirely in vain. At the end of the war I was adjutant of the Second Battalion and as a battalion is a combat and not an administrative unit, my duties ended with the war. But I had a good horse and the country around Pierfitte was delightful and for something to do I collected eggs—fresh ones. After months of beef and canned salmon, we all craved fresh eggs more than anything. As my field widened, I procured more eggs than my immediate mess could use, so decided to give a New Year's breakfast, where the skilled hands of a French peasant would change the fruits of my work into something delectable, not just broken and fried "up or over." On New Year's day I had 140 eggs and 18 guests lined up. I supposed my landlady, Claire Etain, would be up early to prepare for such an array of guests but at 10:00, the hour of the breakfast, she hadn't broken an egg. At 10:30, when the breaking and whipping was completed, she asked me if all the guests were present. I said, "Enough are here and we will all die if we don't get something to eat soon," which brought forth the usual shrug and "parti



THE FRENCH USED CAVALRY
EFFECTIVELY IN WORLD WAR I.



TOWN CRIER.

pas complé.” When the last guest finally arrived, the real work started. The beaten eggs were put on a huge copper platter which was placed adjacent to a small fire in the hearth. At the end of 20 minutes, the platter was placed over the flame and the eggs which had been continuously rolled with large wooden spoons, began to look like an omelet. In another five minutes, the omelet was a deep brown and curled around the perimeter of the 2' long platter. The ranking major was served first, but Madame Claire forgot his high rank

when he didn't immediately fall to. Her omelet was not going to suffer because of any foolish American military etiquette.

New Year's eve I had an experience that brought me closer to the power of religious worship than I have ever been. We, of course, had a big party and when the church bells announced the New Year, we decided to go to church, principally because there was no other place to go. We arrived in a very inappropriate spirit of levity. As I entered the church door, I felt how out of place we were. The music, the candle light, and above all the serene expressions on the faces of the women in black, made me feel like a barbarous heathen. Before I had time to obey my first impulse to get out, I realized that I really wanted to worship, so I took a seat away from my crowd and while I couldn't understand a word of what was being said, I did get a real satisfaction from the fact that I was enjoying the same feeling of reverence those fine people were.

In February I received a two weeks' leave of absence, provided I went to Nice. This sounds like regimentation, but Nice was by far the best place in France for a mud weary officer. The hotels were excellent and while they doubled their prices, they didn't keep up with the increase in the rate of exchange, so we didn't resent being Americaine. Here I heard a wonderful tirade against our American treating system. Plans for dinner started about four every afternoon. As Nice was the leave area for all Allied officers, the object of every dinner gathering was to make it as cosmopolitan as pos-



MY HOSTESS AT THE TIME OF THE
ARMISTICE, MRS. GREENHALGH,
AND A FRIEND. (Taken in 1924.)



MWG

RP

GPG

COL. GREENHALGH AT THE EXACT SPOT FROM WHERE WE
OBSERVED FIRE AT 11:00 A. M., NOVEMBER 11, 1918.
(Taken in 1924.) Mrs. Greenhalgh on left.

sible, so as the parties searched for the best cocktail or aperitif, they gathered atmosphere, color and an international aspect. At one cocktail bar, an American officer took over the management, both gastronomical and financial, of the entire party. He bought one round and immediately another. The second round didn't move quite fast enough to satisfy his Illinois craving to dispense hospitality, so he began to chide the laggards. He pounced on a French officer, who was enjoying his bier too much to hurry. Finally, the French officer arose and *allé* or *no allé*, said, "I do not understand why *ze* Americans drink. They could step outside and simultaneously strike each other over *ze* head with large sticks. They would what-you-call pass-out very much quicker, they would feel no worse the next morning and the rest of us would be able to taste and enjoy our drinks." The entire room applauded and the Americans cheered.

In March we were sent to Segré in the Loire valley. Here we enjoyed the top French rural life in a country that was unscathed. A rural French village has all the advantages claimed by socialism without stifling individual effort or enterprise. There are no isolated farms in this part of France, so social life has the advantages of a village. One brick oven produces better bread than we can buy in Cleveland, each family supplying its own dough. The blacksmith, the doctor, the vet, etc. do not have long distances to go, so also farm. There is no need of a telephone, as you will see everyone at the *café* at 17:30.



Blessé.

Bordeaux 1918
Lillier

At Segré we went back to work but of a very different kind. The job was to get our paper work in shape and the objective was "home." The Colonel figured he and his adjutant had done their share, so turned his job over to Lt. Colonel George Greenhalgh, and the adjutant's work to me. As most of the actual papers were prepared by the battery commanders, I got along pretty well. I made many impassioned speeches on how each man was to have his "property record," his "vaccination record," his "typhoid inoculation record," etc., etc. in his hand when we lined up to embark at Brest. Each battery commander was to have a compilation of the records of his men. It wasn't necessary to tell them that the adjutant was to make a compilation of the compilations. So, after a few uncomfortable days at Brest, we lined up. I stood on a packing box and shouted, "Each battery commander will make sure that each man in his command has his etc., etc." As I stepped down the debarkation officer asked me for our regimental lists to check from. "Certainly, sir," I answered. My Lord, the compilation of compilations was gone! What a bust and what horrible thoughts went through my head. "No units will be evacuated until all records are complete." But, a better man than I, a clerk, stepped up and said, "I have them, sir." I knew he lied, I had left them in my field desk and it was then in the hold, but I was too weak to say anything. To say that an awkward pause followed would be a gross understatement. Then the whispered words, "Stall, I've sent for the field desk" came through the clerk's clenched teeth.



MME. GUBILLON, WHO COOKED
THE OMELETTE. Taken in 1924.



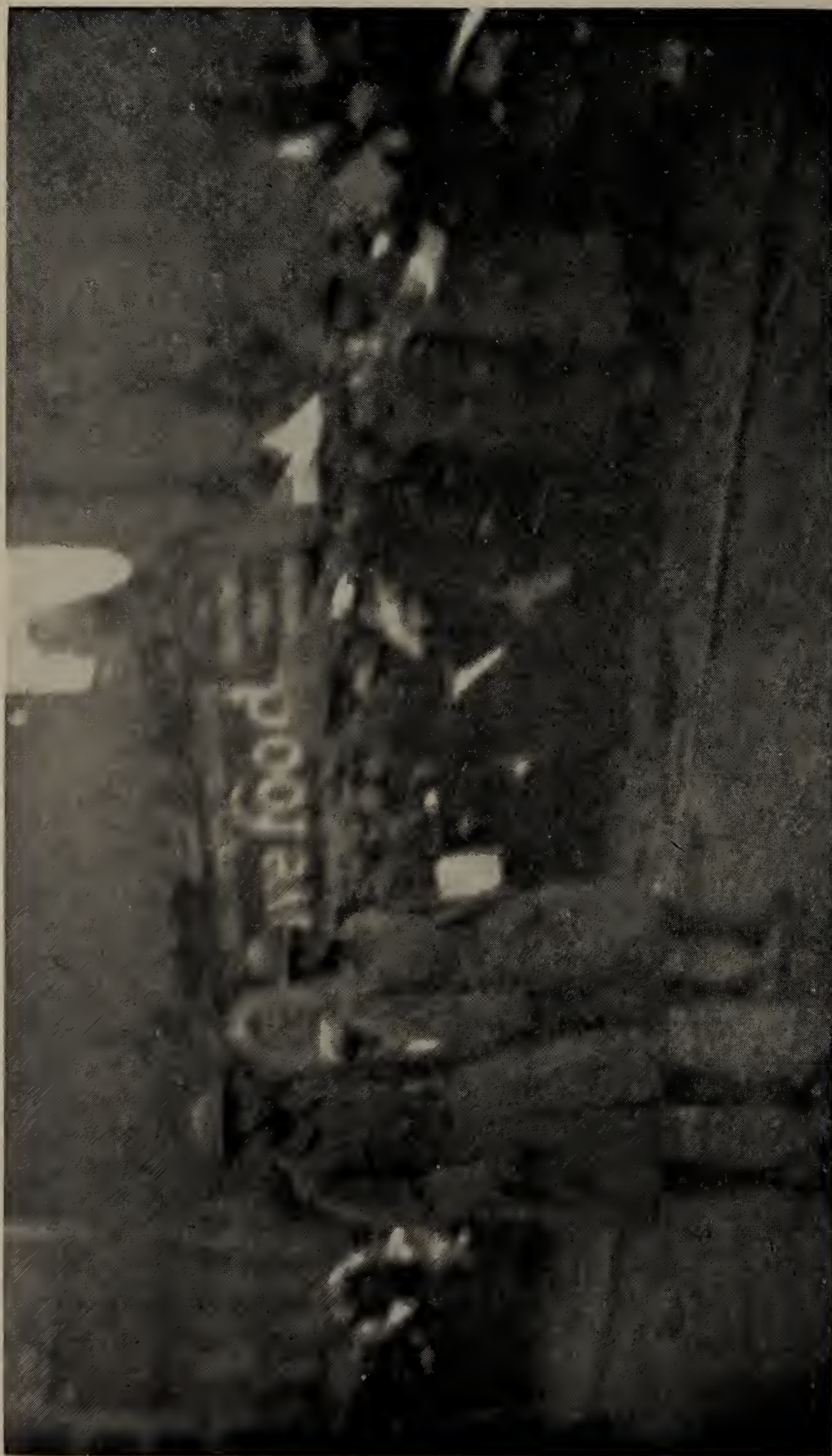
A BILLET NEAR SEGRE.

Before the debarkation officer and I had finished discussing the Brest weather, the field desk appeared. The first order that appeared on the Battleship Vermont's Bulletin Board was to the effect that Captain Gray would resume his duties as regimental adjutant.

The return trip took 14 days and we had an opportunity to live with the navy. As far as comforts go, the navy has it all over the army but family life just doesn't exist.

We landed at Newport News, then marched the streets of Columbus, Toledo and Cleveland, where we had all the applause we could stand and still keep our faces straight. We should have done the applauding in appreciation for a great free ride.

It was grand to get back to pruning my orchard and I revelled in the thought that I had finished my military career. However, in the fall of 1919 some boys asked if they might reorganize the Troop. I was one of the few officers of the regiment who hadn't gone back to work, so was elected to carry on. I admit I was a bit reluctant in taking the job, but when I felt the latent enthusiasm of the boys who had demanded the reorganization, that they might enjoy the same privileges we had, I appreciated that there was work to be done. The Troop was no more than a paper organization when many veterans decided to reenlist. There were two ex-majors and several captains in line when the Troop was sworn in. I had some misgivings as to just how they would accept discipline from me. But the silver bars were sufficient and we had a great Troop that walked away



OUR RETURN TO CLEVELAND. (Major Fayette Brown on left.)
WE WERE USED TO RAIN.

with the regimental efficiency pennant for two years. It was a "push over" to give an order. I could send a raw recruit into a formal review between two ex-officers and know they would hold him, if necessary, in line.

I once had a young regular army inspecting officer put some of my privates through their paces. He happened to pick on ex-captains who had had more field experience than he, so after going as far as he could, he turned to me and said, "If I ask any more questions, it will be for information only."

The Troop history published at the time of the opening of the new armory gives a complete history of the troop through my regime. There is one incident, however, that is not in the book that gratified me more than any occurrence in my military career. In the summer of '21 the Troop was ordered to St. Clairsville to guard some coal mines during a strike. We were scheduled to arrive after dark but I held the train on a siding outside of the town till daylight. I did not want to make the historically renowned mistake of landing on the Crimea. We detrained in the fair grounds and I suggested that the Sheriff invite the miners to watch us unload our horses. While the unloading was going on, I joined the miners and asked them to bring their ball team to play ours that afternoon. They not only brought a ball team but also a keg of beer. We stayed there four weeks and had a round of horse races, ball games and gymkhanas and there was not one dollar's worth of property destroyed nor a shot fired.



CAPTAIN OF TROOP A, 1921-22.

I retired as Captain in 1922, not because I wanted to, but to uphold the tradition started by Otto Miller that no captain remain over two years, a tradition to which I heartily subscribe. I stayed out of uniform for a year and then came back as major. This was a mistake. A National Guard field officer in peace time is more of a clerk than a soldier and it wasn't long before the adjutant general and I were carrying on a lengthy and useless correspondence on how the army should be run. A major has no place on the picket line and with his units hundreds of miles apart and working under entirely different conditions, it was impossible to have any uniformity or standard for a squadron, so my military career ended in anything but a blaze of glory. I had stayed too long, the party ended when Troop A won its second regimental efficiency pennant in 1921.

Any reference I make to my part in the Second World War is by way of apology for accepting the taxpayer's money. On July 1st, 1942 I was asked to do a job that sounded constructive in the 5th Corps Area, with headquarters at Columbus. The thrill of getting back in uniform was shortlived, as I found myself in the command of the most miserable lot of pettifogging, jealous, rank proud, stuffed shirts that ever put their feet on government furniture. Since this book is intended for the tender ears of my many granddaughters, I can't say what those shirts were stuffed with. For the first time in my life either in or out of uniform, I had to work with people who were against me. Men who always talked to impress, never to instruct. It was a



MARSHAL FOCH INSPECTING HIS GUARD OF HONOR—Troop A.

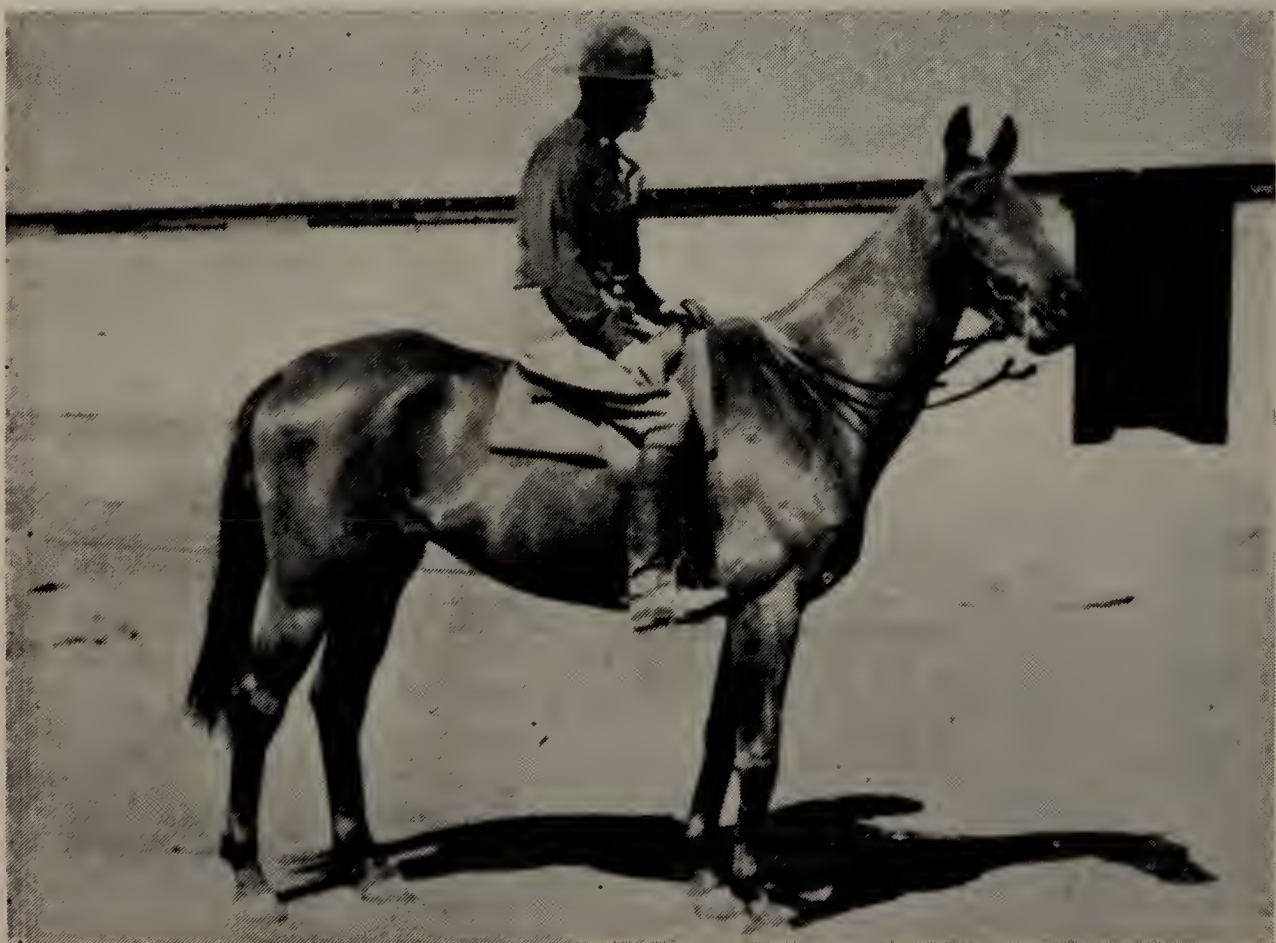
new and unhappy experience. I was in an army where talk took the place of action, where backbiting took the place of loyal cooperation and where rank and pay outweighed patriotism. I pray my grandchildren will not have to go through a war but if they do, I hope they get near the front. The character of the men you find there will compensate for the additional danger. It took me seven months to get out of that mess and back into the army.

After innumerable arguments with Washington, I was sent to what is known as the officers' grave yard,

or the 8th Corps Area, which included little but the great American desert. Here lady luck did her best to even her score with me by landing me in the lap of a real soldier who knew all about the Black Horse Troop and handed me the best job in the U. S. A.—Chief of Cavalry at Texas A. and M. Here I found real soldiers who didn't base their lives on pettifogging details. I had a grand lot of boys to work with, an efficient and considerate C. O., Colonel M. D. Welty, and a congenial group of co-workers. It might have given my former Latin teachers a shock to find that I ranked as a full professor in a large state university. My recollections of their shortcomings were a great help to me as I made a practice of following a method diametrically opposed to theirs. I started out with the premise that I considered it my duty to teach each student enough to pass. Professor Morton of Williams opened his French II course with the encouraging statement that not over 60% of any class he had ever taught were of passing intelligence and that if any one ever received an "A," he would raise his standards. How often we hear of a student who is too dumb to pass and how seldom we hear of an instructor who is too dumb to teach a pupil enough to pass. So, I put the final examination on the blackboard and explained that each student would have different figures inserted in his examination at the end of the course. I didn't quite attain my goal of having everyone pass, as some were Mexicans and couldn't understand or speak a word of English.



TEXAS A. & M. GRADUATING CLASS OF 1942.



NOT A MODEL, BUT AFTER A DESK IN COLUMBUS
I COULD OVERLOOK SEVERAL U-NECKS.

Any male resident of Texas could attend Texas A. & M., so the instruction had to be consistent with the preparation received from the poorest schools in Texas. The over-all tuition including food, room, books, etc. was \$300.00. I'm not sure the boys weren't over-charged. There were no comforts or places for social gatherings and there was a gulf between student and instructor that I could do nothing toward bridging. An instructor was a "Bull," to be avoided and thwarted.

In spite of this attitude I liked the boys and it is a shame that the sinister political influence defeated them in their effort to get an education. The college (it is really a university) is run by nine trustees, three of whom are appointed each year by the governor, so at the end of each governor's second year he controls the board. One doesn't need much of an imagination to figure what type of educational institution Governor Ma Ferguson would build. Appropriations to send faculty on a barnstorming trip were easy to get, but a subscription to a technical magazine was invariably vetoed in Austin and the funds allotted to laboratory equipment were inadequate.

I was fortunate in having a family which appreciated Texas psychology because it's nothing to laugh about with Texans around. The college prided itself on being a military institution and boasted that it provided the armed forces with twice as many officers as West Point, but still the lone star flew from the main flag pole prominently located in front of the administration

building. They did give Old Glory a place on a shorter pole on the parade grounds. One remark often heard on the campus gives a clear conception of Texas "loyalty." "We fought too hard for our independence to turn it over to any damn Yankee."

I was gratified to be able to sell the English or flat saddle to Texans. I first insisted they be used exclusively for polo and then made their use optional at drill. In two months everyone including the horses were comfortable.

Kay and the children joined me in April, 1943 and we had a comfortable house and the use of 80 good horses. The summer climate was a little tough but the experience was well worth the discomfort. After I realized I couldn't adopt Williams' type of friendliness, I thoroughly enjoyed my work and associates. In little Williams you can be friendly with every one. Texas is like India—be as friendly as you like but stay in your class. One of the nicest amenities at A. & M. was the boys' self-introductions. What a relief to a hostess to have each guest introduce himself to every other guest.

With the demise of the horse cavalry, I again joined the army of parasites in uniform, only this time my surroundings and associates were most agreeable. I almost landed two other jobs but Washington claimed I outranked them, so economized by keeping me idle.

I finally capitulated to the army of the Potomac and requested transfer to inactive status. After waiting a few weeks I located a pretty good job within ten miles

of College Station—teaching map reading at Bryan Field—but my application was in the mill and army regulations were silent when it came to withdrawing an application, so my federal service ended in Texas, where it started.

VI

POLITICS

MY FLING IN POLITICS was extremely satisfactory and I regret that it lasted only a little over two years. It started as unexpectedly as I was unprepared.

In December '21, while still in the process of readjustment after 3 years in the saddle, I was pruning my apple orchard, when an urgent message came for me to report immediately to Otto Miller. If it hadn't been uncomfortably cold I doubt if I would have given up my important work for what sounded like a secretary's zeal. Otto took me to see Fred Kohler, who had just surprised every one, including himself, by being elected Mayor of Cleveland on an independent ticket, and he wanted an ex-service man for his Director of Welfare and had consulted Otto who headed the local American Legion. Fred gave me 24 hours to consider. I saw Dud Blossom, the incumbent at that time, who told me he wouldn't take the job again for any consideration but that he wouldn't sell the experience he had gained for one hundred thousand dollars. That sounded like a cheap way of getting a valuable experience, so I hastened to tell Fred I was with him.

After I had repeated my promise to stick on the job for two years, I received most unusual instructions. Fred

said, "Perkins, you are pretty young but if you were any older you would have too much sense to take this job. You will probably be the goat of the administration. We have the politicians of both parties against us and by the 10th of January, we will have fired so many city hall employees that every religious and fraternal organization will be on our necks. I haven't carried one penny's worth of campaign advertising in the newspapers, so they will lead the attack. Now, the most vulnerable spot in any administration is the care of the old, infirm, sick, children and prisoners. They all come in your department, so get ready to take it. My advice would be to fire everybody in the department who gets over \$100.00 per month. I won't listen to any complaints about you or read the papers and whatever may happen is on your head. That's the last advice I'm going to give you."

And he lived up to his word 100%. I didn't quite follow his suggestion of firing everybody who received over \$100.00 per month, but to say that I cleaned house would be an understatement. The councilmen found it difficult to object as I spent only an hour a day in the city hall. My greatest difficulty came from the many boards of advisers—mostly ladies, who had what I considered very impractical ideas. So I fired all the boards. The papers blamed Kohler for this when he didn't even know it was being done.

I had just been initiated in the job when Margaret died. She was 34 and had never had a real illness in her



STUB, BETTY AND RP AT COUNCILMEN'S PICNIC
AT HUDSON BOYS' FARM.

life, so the shock was staggering and I couldn't even contemplate carrying on, but as often happens, a hard boiled boss proved a good Samaritan. Fred Kohler refused to release me and made it very clear that he had troubles enough of his own without listening to mine. So I really went to work. I took on extra household help, so that my kitchen ran 24 hours a day. When I couldn't sleep I generally had a Dick, a Cop, an employee or a parolee to talk to and if there were no night callers, there was always the night-shift cook. In order to see my children I had to take them around the job with me, which is probably the reason Betty became

a registered nurse. When the conversation got a little obtuse for juvenile ears, I did a little interpolating. I don't think I ever asked a child to leave the room. Most dope runners have manners.

The paroling of prisoners from jail was my greatest burden. I started on the hard-boiled basis of "Tell your story to the judge—he put you in and he can let you out," but if I had let every drunk serve his 30 to 60 days, the jails would have been overrun. I did my best to find gainful employment for prisoners but accomplished very little. My farm operations might have given F.D.R. his ideas for a W.P.A. or an A.A.A. We plowed under many crops but weren't smart enough to get paid for doing so.

I did accomplish something in hog raising. With 5000 people to feed and the city garbage at my disposal, I built up the hog herd, the fertility of the farms and parks. The newspapers started a campaign against the help I was rendering the fly population but I never could get them to print a farm statement. One Press reporter gave me some advice that shows the psychology of our newspaper readers. "You claim to have saved the city \$12,000 in meat bills but since the figures will substantiate your claims there is no news in such a statement. Now the thing for you to do is to claim that you have saved the city \$50,000, then we will make your claim an issue and shoot it full of holes. The result will be that everybody will know that you have saved the city \$12,000." I didn't fall for that bit of

advice. I would rather have my farming ability soft pedaled than be publicized a liar.

I doubt if a cabinet more independent than ours ever entered the city hall. We were really not appointed by the mayor. Fred let the Bar Association appoint his Director of Law, the Society of Engineers appoint his Director of Public Utilities, etc. I came to him through the American Legion. When he looked over his completed cabinet, he found all but one lived in the same section of the city, were within three years of the same age, all of English extraction, and college graduates. You can imagine the howl that went up from the west siders and other slighted groups.

For six months we were a very happy family but then the newspapers started giving the cabinet too much favorable publicity, the mayor's major weakness, jealousy, reared its ugly head and when the smoke cleared, Jack Maline and I were the only original members left. The papers indicated that Jack and I let the mayor run over us and that publicity saved us from the axe. Once, during the turmoil, the mayor's nephew, who called himself Fred Kohler, Jr. was sentenced to Warrensville, the city jail, for bootlegging. He arrived a few days before his sentence was to start and told the superintendent that he wanted to look around so he could pick out the best quarters. The superintendent, who had his share of Irish humor, showed him around with all the graciousness of a resort hotel proprietor, even questioned Junior on what food he would

prefer. Jr. was so impressed that he rushed to the newspapers to tell them of the service he demanded and expected. The superintendent called me and said, "Why isn't this a good time for you and me to quit? We can't possibly last much longer." I agreed and told him to give the fair-haired boy the works. About 24 hours after Jr. and his trunk arrived, I had a call from the mayor. I thought I knew what was coming, but my set jaw dropped when the boss said, "I see where you've got that kid of mine at your Country Club." (He always kidded me about my softness to criminals.) "Well, I hope you put him out in the field, where the sun can shine on his head and get some of the fat off it." I then put in a call for Steve Walsh, the superintendent, and told him he needn't pack his trunk.

I was amazed at the lack of help I received from so-called good people. People who were patriotic enough to enlist in the Army in war time, who were generous enough to give liberally to most any drive for charity, who were public spirited enough to spend hours and days in civic enterprises, did not have the courage or public decency to testify against a dope runner, a thief, a known vandal or even a rapist. Why the same man will stand up against enemy bullets, yet turn pale at the mere thought of a criminal throwing a brick through his window, is beyond my comprehension.

Just to give an example of what Dud meant when he said he wouldn't take 100 grand for his experience, I will tell one incident. We will call one habitual drunk

Smith. He was an excellent workman and provider, and a prolific sire but he periodically got drunk and every drunk meant a beating for Mrs. Smith that made him liable on an "assault to kill" charge. The police would lock him up and Mrs. Smith would recover. But Mrs. Smith and all the little Smiths would eventually get very hungry and that meant a trip to city hall, where a soft hearted welfare director would return Smith to the bosom of his family. But after this procedure was repeated several times, the heart of the welfare director became hardened and he decided to keep Smith in. When Mrs. Smith asked for advice, he made a grave mistake in advising divorce, and then the so-called director became the directed. He had a telephone call from Mons. Thos. C. O'Reilly that ran about as follows: "Say, young fellow, what's this I hear about you advising my people to get a divorce. We call that legalized adultery, so from now on you run your jail and let me solve my people's domestic and spiritual problems." What a great lesson that was. From then on the Catholic Church relieved the police and me of many such problems. I tried the Protestant and Jewish organizations with very little benefit to any one.

At the same election that made Fred Kohler mayor, the voters decided to adopt the city manager form of government at the expiration of Kohler's two year term. No babes in the woods were ever as misguided as were the voters by that hoax. A City Manager was supposed to be free of political influence, yet this new charter

called for the election of a City Manager by the council, who in turn were elected by the people. Since most councilmen are controlled by the party leaders, we had a situation where the party leaders could appoint anyone they chose as City Manager and fire him any time he refused to obey their dictates.

I made an amateurish attempt to determine from what class of society criminals come. Of course, I was not talking to the worst criminals, as I only handled misdemeanors and then, too, I did not have the time or means to check the truthfulness of their statements. I did find, however, that most of them were willing to talk freely and few resented my questions. This did not apply to women.

The results indicated that no one class or branch of society produces a greater percentage of criminals than any other. I was much impressed by the fact that all criminals are misanthropes.

It is unfortunate we can not include in the many questions we put to children to determine their I. Q.'s the following:

"What do you think of your local public officials?"

"What do you think of the honesty of the local police force?"

"Were your teachers conscientious in trying to educate you?"

If the majority of these questions were answered in the negative, I would recommend we give the interrogated a gun and send him into the jungle where he

would probably get along, as he would be living under the only laws he appreciates and subscribes to.

Shortly after W. R. Hopkins was appointed City Manager, I had a call from Dud Blossom, saying that Hopkins wanted him to be his Welfare Director but that he wouldn't accept it if I would stay. Dud was the kind of fellow who never pulled his punches and when he asked an honest question, he wanted an honest answer, so I said, "Yes, I will provided—" "Never mind the provided," Dud answered and left my office. Next day I had a call from councilman Bill Potter, who said, "If you want to stay in this office, go see Maurice Maschke." I said, "Why?" and he said, "Don't be dumb." I never went and Dud succeeded me with my best wishes.

I knew Maschke, the undercover head of the Republican Party of Cuyahoga County, quite well and I often lunched with him at the politicians' table at the Hollenden. I had an idea that I could make such a good record that Maschke would have to come to me. I had Dr. Rockwood, Health Commissioner, Judges Hadden and Addams of the Probate Court, Bob Hoffman, the City Engineer, and a few others as an example, but either the record or the idea was wrong. My disappointment in not being reappointed was shortlived, I had learned a great lesson—"never expect to be thanked"—and easier and more fruitful jobs were waiting.

Few people realize how impossible it is to get away

from politics. No saying burns me up as much as "Politics are rotten, therefore I will have none of them." It would be just as dumb to say, "I have a cancer but since it is a dread disease, I will not pay any attention to it." Many people, who consider themselves well educated do not know who is handling matters vital to them and are most complacent about not voting intelligently.

I'm not for taking things out of politics. If we keep such things as hospitals, orphans' homes, etc. in politics, we will force people to vote intelligently. If politics merely means garbage and rubbish collections, we'll have garbage and rubbish collectors for our officials.

To return to my examples—have you ever heard of a negligent or dishonest probate judge? Possibly, but not many. Why? Because people take interest in getting a good man to protect the interests of widows and orphans. In spite of F.D.R.'s three terms, I still believe in the American system and that when things get bad enough, the voters will return the country to common sense rule. I wish everybody could hold or even run for a public office. He would be a better citizen, even if he didn't get by the first caucus of a primary. The competition in political office is much less keen than in civilian life. The same amount of effort and ability gets you much further, not financially, in public life than in business.

Shortly after Dud Blossom had relieved me, he met with a painful accident that incapacitated him for sev-

eral months. City Manager Hopkins asked me to pinch hit for Dud. It was a great satisfaction to do my best for the other camp and gave me a chance to keep my key men on the job. I became very good friends with Mr. Hopkins and I think I helped Dud keep party politics out of the department when he returned.

Dud never missed an opportunity to commend me for the men I had picked to run City Hospital and other institutions. Most of these key men kept their jobs right through Dud's eight years and also through Dave Ingalls', which followed Dud's but unfortunately, when Ray Miller was elected Mayor, he appointed Bernice Pike welfare director. She immediately left for Europe and appointed a criminally negligent assistant to do her work. This wasn't good politics, it was just rotten judgment, as the next election proved.

The department suffered more from neglect than party politics until Burton was elected and he appointed Fred Ramsay Director, who did his best to keep things going on a skimpy budget. Since I worked for the city in the lush days of the early twenties, before major depressions were known, I never had any difficulty with budgets. Some members of the council's budget committee wanted me to spend more money.

The institutions at Warrensville were built by a minister, Dr. Harris Cooley, in Tom Johnson's administration. He had a Pollyanna idea that all men were good if they were treated properly. He wanted the jails called "Houses of Correction." Cleveland was

to prove to the world that the corrective rather than the punitive method of dealing with criminals was the more effective. I don't know how long old Dr. Cooley held to this philosophy, but certainly his successors didn't subscribe to any bunk about what he called the golden rule.

Unfortunately a proportion of all people want to get as much out of their fellow travellers as possible and give nothing in return. A comfortable jail is an answer to their prayers. I might agree that, culprits under 18, should have corrective rather than punitive treatment but after that the punitive is all that counts and that is lamentably ineffective.

VII

HORSES

ONLY MY PEDIGREE gives me a license to write a chapter on horses. I have, however, gained so much pleasure from them that I thoroughly enjoy writing about my experiences even if it necessitates showing my ignorance.

Father and I enjoyed horses from an almost diametrically opposite standpoint. He was interested in every horse. While he observed a horse with a critical eye, none were commonplace. Their faults and weaknesses interested him as much as their strong points. Contrary to the belief of most of his friends, he had a very poor memory. The fact that he never forgot a horse was due to his interest and not to memory.

My interest in horses is due entirely to what they bring me. If I had lived in a flat, uninteresting country, I probably would never have developed this enthusiasm. My invitations to judge have come entirely as a result of my name and I have accepted them more as an experiment than to render a service. I wanted to see just how much the horse show enthusiasts would stand for and I have marvelled at their duplicity. I'm indebted to my judging experience for one service. It has kept me from ever showing a horse for any reason

other than the pleasure in the showing. I was able to buy Aladdin for \$350.00 because he refused to enter a show ring. I hunted him hard for 17 years and he eventually became a very good show jumper and even tied for first place in a high jumping contest at 5' 10". This blessing is more far reaching than it might sound. The fact that I have never bought a horse for any reason other than to enjoy or perform a specific duty has led to one of the few compliments I ever received. George Humphrey told Tim that I had bought a smaller percentage of poor horses than anyone he knew.

Another principle that I have followed to my decided financial advantage is "Buy your horses as near home as possible!" If you want a hunter and are familiar with the hunters in your local field, it is a pretty good bet that before the year is over one of the hunters you know all about and like will be for sale at a very reasonable price. How different from going to Virginia where you see a great many horses led out and possibly see a crack rider show you only what the horse does best. I do not wish to subscribe to the popular impression that horse dealers are unduly sharp for I believe the horse business is on a more honest basis than almost any I know of. If I sell stock of a company, which is about to fold, I'm considered smart, but when I sell a horse I'm required to tell everything I know, and if what I tell doesn't prove by experience to be to the complete satisfaction of the buyer and all his stable employees, I'm asked to refund the price or be considered a sharper.

And the reverse holds equally true. If you have a horse for sale, sell him away from home. When I gave up polo in 1932 I had one great thoroughbred pony, "Texas Beauty." I tried in vain to sell her locally for \$500. Since she was only six and cost \$2,500, I finally offered her to the dealer who had sold her to me. He immediately sent me a check for \$1,000 and two years later sold her to the internationalist, Winston Guest, for \$15,000.

I think I received my maximum pleasure from horses as an enlisted man in the cavalry. Here the care, training and performance of your horse were your greatest responsibility and if you had an uncomfortable time, it was due to your own shortcomings which you kept to yourself.

Just because a man becomes adept at hitting a ball with a stick—which nearly everybody enjoys in one form or another—from a horse, is no indication that he is fond of horses. The horse here is a means to an end, like a racquet to a tennis player. And likewise, the man who enjoys watching hounds work might prefer to follow them in an automobile if he could find a fox that would stay on roads.

If I could give my children and grandchildren one piece of advice, I would say, use horses and enjoy them. They will take you outdoors and lead you to worthwhile places.

In 1923 Elton Hoyt engaged Edward Read as huntsman and established The Southdown Hunt for his many



ELTON HOYT, 2ND

RP

JOINT MASTERS
FOXHOUNDS

THE SOUTHDOWN HUNT
1923-1940

friends in the Mentor-Willoughby-Kirtland area. I readily accepted his invitation to act as Co MFH in spite of the fact that I had little experience. So when I abruptly retired from politics in 1924 I took advantage of my freedom of responsibility by going to England in search of fox hunting experience. I first secured Newell Bolton as a travelling companion and as a result the winter of '24 and '25 was one of the highlights of my life. We spent that winter hunting with as many packs as possible and by this method we saw a great variety of hunting and country. I came home with little that was applicable here. Their wonderful sod, damp weather and small covers make for so much better scenting conditions that it is questionable if foxhunting by English methods with English hounds will ever succeed widely in this country.

By educating our "fields" we could follow an English custom to advantage. When a fox enters a covert in England, the field automatically lines up on the leeward side and slap their boots to drive the fox into the wind. While we have few coverts small enough for this procedure, I doubt if any field in America would know what to do should the occasion arise. I think our stiff fences develop better jumping horses. A fall to an Englishman is something to be proud of. The idea seems to be that mud on your back shows that you had nerve enough to ask your horse to attempt the impossible, such as jumping a 50 foot river. I was once severely criticized for jumping a low gate in a miserable over-



TURNTABLE WINS, AND I GO TO EUROPE.



THIS KIND OF JUMP SENDS COLD SHIVERS DOWN
AN AMERICAN'S BACK.

grown Osage orange hedge. Since so few jumps are stiff in England, horses get careless and do not jump clean. I once saw a preacher commended for doing what I would call crazy riding. We were running on a hillside, athwart the slope. To arrest washing, the owner had placed brush in the gullies that ran with the slope. Near the summit these gullies did not exist, but near the bottom they were too wide for a horse to jump, yet this conservatively dressed padre attempted them at their widest point. He and his mount became more and more scratched and torn yet he never took a more comfortable course.

The intense keenness with which Englishmen watch their hounds, works to the detriment of congeniality. English hunting people can ignore to perfection. Two well-dressed ladies, riding on either side of you, can carry on a lengthy conversation in front, in back and through you. So don't think of hunting in England as having even a remote relationship to anything convivial or friendly. A chance acquaintance in an American day coach is a bonvoyageur compared to an English hunting companion.

I was not impressed with the horses in the English fields. There were practically no thoroughbreds and some very mediocre individuals but exceptional condition and staying power made up for their shortcomings in quality. Their appearance and tack were perfect in every detail. And, just as there is no place for conviviality in so intense a sport, so is there no place for

chivalry. One of the few remarks ever addressed to me in the field came from an ex-master (one privileged to wear a hunting cap) who reprimanded me for opening a gate for a lady with, "If the women wants to go 'untin, let 'em go 'untin. If they wants to stay 'ome, let 'em stay 'ome."

Once while galloping through a well-kept estate, a girl's horse slipped on a concrete walk and dumped her on her head. As she lay absolutely unconscious, Newell, with the true chivalry of a bachelor, picked her up and then looked for a place to put her down. Fortunately, a maid from the house appeared and took the responsibility of suggesting he lean her against a tree. She came to just before she had been parked and was so pleased to be even noticed, that the General blushed.

We saw Double Chance win the Grand National on the most perfect day that had blessed its running in twenty years. We arrived at Aintree the night before the race, so had the following morning to walk over the course. The 33 starters lined up very much as a troop of cavalry would, with hardly a tight rein. They went off in a body with very little grief over the first three obstacles, which were comparatively low, 4' 6". Then there was a real race for the pole and as the obstacles increased in height the spills increased. Many horses were too exhausted to attempt to get up after they fell. From a humane standpoint the race is too long. I doubt if our American trainers could get horses in shape to take that punishment. Only 13 of the

33 were thoroughbreds and all but one were over 7. Sergeant Murphy, who had won the year before, was 13.

That year a great press controversy went on between the adherents of the forward and normal seats. I think England has erred in adopting our so-called Tod Sloan monkey seat as much as we have in trying to adopt English methods of fox hunting. Short stirrups make the forward seat possible and undoubtedly give a horse more driving power or speed, but when it comes to jumping 6' obstacles, the ability to stay up warrants longer stirrups. 26 of the 33 horses we saw start, lost their riders and the great majority of these were jumped off. When you realize the Grand National has been won by the only horse to finish with his rider and that 75% of starters fall, you can see the importance of staying up.

Our London home, Rosa Lewis' Cavendish, more than made up for the lack of conviviality we found in the hunting field. Three books have been written about Rosa, so I won't add to her list of biographers. "Kippy of the Cavendish" by Flora Mermill is by far the best. The Cavendish was so unique and attractive that it was a pleasure to get rimmed. We had the reputation of being suckers, so every thirsty downtowner flocked to our sitting room for cocktails or champagne. But we wanted to meet "people" and I had just sold Turntable for enough to foot Rosa's bill. It was a wonderful way to go broke.

I took the usual course in riding; hacking, hunting, polo, racing, polo, hunting and hacking, but since I started late in life (after the war), I went through the different phases more rapidly than most riders. I'm now on my second phase of hunting and if I had it to do over again, I would never have gone beyond hunting. Polo is fascinating when conditions are perfect and you have at least four hours a day to devote to it. But you can't get any fun out of corncob polo. Innumerable efforts have been made to limit the price paid for ponies, but that is just like telling a good golfer he can only drive 175 yards. The greatest fun I had out of polo was in Texas, where I visited Jack Lapham. We played practically every day and there was no job to neglect. Jack and I picked up two other players who gave our team a total rating of 19 which was just right for me. They were all better than I but we could still get in the 20 goal tournaments. We played at every cavalry post from Brownsville to El Paso. I bought several ponies which invariably sold in Cleveland for enough profit to pay their freight from Texas.

My racing career was fortunately short. I had a little luck in the troop games and some local meets, so looked for new fields. I won two races in one day at a good meet at Birmingham, Michigan, against professional riders, but when I returned the next year with the same two horses, I found much faster company, so had to be satisfied with a second and fourth. I was in no shape to compete with automobile fortunes, so sold my string



JONAS AFTER WINNING A MILE AND THREE-
QUARTER FLAT RACE AT BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

to the highest bidder and cashed his check before they locked him up.

Fondness for horses brings you in contact with all kinds of people. The genuine are hard to overrate and the would-be's are hard to take. Charles Willis was one of the greatest and the most perfect gentleman I ever had the pleasure of working with. I first met him when I was recruiting officer at the old Troop Armory on E. 55th St. in the summer of 1917. He had been drinking and his appearance completely belied his character and didn't indicate that he would fit in a "Troop A" regiment, so I put him off. In an entirely unmilitary manner he banged his fist on my desk and said, "I want to know right now, can a man fight in this war or not?"



BETTY AND WILLIS

I've been in here every day for a week and all I get is the run around." That put me against the ropes and to gain time, I said, "What can you do?" "Shoe horses," he answered and he couldn't have chosen two more magic words, as blacksmiths were really scarce. I put him in charge of the six officers' horses of my battery. When we left for Montgomery, I asked him if he would travel in the horse car, to which he answered, "I haven't slept more than 6' from a horse's stall since I was eleven and first became a jockey, so I guess I won't object now." He turned out to be the most valuable man in the bat-

tery. He once shod 56 horses, some of whom had never been shod before, without a wink of sleep. If I had any dangerous travelling to do, I took him with me. One night when we were moving the battalion, I left with him at dark. Since the country was full of barbwire entanglements, we had to stay on hard roads. About two miles out, my horse developed a severe road founder. I was in a box as I had to get to our new position and have our firing data ready for twelve guns, when they arrived at dawn. I took Willis' horse and told him to shoot mine, if necessary. At dawn he arrived with the guns on my practically sound horse. He had stood him in a running stream for several hours and then had wrapped wet oat bags around his feet. I made up my mind then that I would keep Willis as long as I had a horse and it was only his untimely death that kept me from carrying out that resolution. One typical incident in his life happened Christmas morning, 1918. Willis had located the one child who didn't thank us for his present at our Christmas eve party. The child lived in a shell bombed basement and his bad manners were entirely due to his dirty appearance. Willis was billeted with a dressmaker and they started from scratch to equip that kid. By church time Christmas morning, they had him completely outfitted in a French officer's uniform, including the cap and Sam Browne belt. Willis worked for me twenty years and I never heard a profane or inappropriate word come out of his mouth.

Frank Gyberg, another great man, enlisted in the Troop and served as Battery "D" 's stable sergeant with

great distinction. He was a westerner and the most practical horseman I ever associated with. When I was elected Captain of the Troop in January 1921, and learned we had the pick of all the black horses at Fort Reno, Montana, I located Frank, who immediately went to Fort Reno, picked out the 32 best blacks, loaded them in slat cars, where he also established himself. The next I heard was a telephone call from Frank at six P. M. on a blizzardy Saturday night. The cars had been spotted at E. 105th St. on the N. Y. C. He couldn't have picked a worse time to get a group of troopers together, so I suggested he detrain the next morning, to which he answered that he had already detrained. I explained how difficult it would be to get a detail together, to which he said he could handle them if he had some one to show him the way to the Armory. I managed to get Woods King and Alf Allen, and we drove the 28 loose horses from 105th to 55th St. through heavy traffic and blinding snow. Frank's greatest difficulty was in keeping his helpers from galloping after the horses, who occasionally tried side streets. The strays, if left alone, would always return to the others, while our galloping might start a stampede. Frank stayed on as stable sergeant but he didn't like Cleveland, so returned to his west. He was another consummate gentleman.

I wonder if it is entirely coincidental that three of the most perfect gentlemen, Charles Willis, Frank Gyberg and Hugh O'Neill, I have known, came into my life through my fondness for horses.

VIII

FARMING

ONE HAS ONLY TO LOOK at my family chronology to understand that my bucolic tastes are atavistic. My overalls and dirt farming have given me an immense amount of pleasure and my neighbors a great source of amusement.

To answer the first question that my interest in farming invariably calls for; my farming operations have never made money, but I'm only 54 and next year we can't possibly have all the bad luck and crop failures we have had in former years, and by saying I enjoy farming, I admit I am a consummate optimist. And why should I expect to make money when you consider that I have had poor training and only work at farming intermittently. The most sensible remark ever made about my farming operations came, logically, from Laddie Hercik, the smartest man I ever knew, to-wit: "What a wonderful way to spend your money."

One of the few things I ever gleaned from Latin was an appreciation of Cicero's "De Agricola." While some of his theories do not work out in practice, he certainly had an effective line of sales talk on how an active man should spend his declining years. I translated it in my freshman year and looked forward to the time when "the waning of youthful passions" would permit me to



MY ORCHARD

more sincerely enjoy horticulture and I derive considerable satisfaction from the fact that "the pleasures of husbandmen are not checked by old age."

As I planted my first orchard in 1913, I didn't have long to wait. I remembered how Lysander, the Lacadaemonian came to Cyrus, King of the Persians, and showed him the "evenness of trees planted in quincunx." And quincunx was a good plan before tractors. Cicero probably didn't know much about compound interest, but he gave us all something to contemplate when he wrote, "The earth never returns without interest what it receives." Many of the leaders in every walk in life are farm raised. I wonder if the modern environment can

turn out men like G. Stanley Hall, who became president of Clark University. In 1915 he delivered in part the following address at the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of his native village of Ashfield, Mass.

"I was born of the sturdy old Puritan, first growth stock, and spent my childhood and youth in the Ashfield of half a century or more ago. I learned to hoe, mow, chop, plow, plant, sow, milk, fodder cattle, clean stalls, dig, make fences and stone walls, shovel snow, mend roads, break in steers and colts, care for young pigs, lambs, calves, make maple sugar, soap out of the lye, woodashes and fat; and evenings my father taught me how to make brooms, and my mother and aunts how to braid palm-leaf hats, knit stockings and shag mittens, and I was often called on to make fires, wash dishes, and even to cook a little, although this latter was often severely criticised by those who had to partake of my viands. Now we call these things agriculture, domestic art, or occupations, but then we called it work. I then belonged to what is now designated as the toiling masses; that is, I was simply a farmer's boy; and never was there more ideal environment for boys to grow up in than the old New England farm of those happy days."

I had such an environment in mind at Low Ridge Farm but why should a normal kid make soap when there is plenty in the shower room of the neighboring Country Club? I ask future generations if they sincerely believe that they derived as much pleasure from their graduation presents—often a convertible—as I did from mine—an orchard? I enjoy farming from the overalls



KAY NEVER FAILED TO SUPPORT MY BUCOLIC TASTES.

standpoint and doesn't that apply to most avocations? When you hire a superintendent you turn the pleasures of farming over to him, while you keep the headaches of meeting the deficit. Dutch Ernst, a N. Y. attorney of 1909, uses his hands to make furniture and when he took up sailing he bought a boat of a size that permitted him to do all the work without the help of a crew.

The recent interest in conservation fits in perfectly with my theory and love of farming. If you can hold the rain that falls on your land, you will hold the land's fertility. I think Cicero referred to terraces as trenches but evidently a trench in Latin is the antonym of ter-



STUB, BUD, TIM

NO CHANCE FOR JUVENILE DELINQUENCY HERE.

race. The terrace holds water on the land, the trench takes it off. One of my few contributions to conservation is the plan of planting fast growing pine trees between alternate terraces.

Conditions will change but if you feel the urge to find out for yourself what it is under the surface that feeds us, give in to it, that urge is too well established in your background to brush off because of any practical consideration such as—there must be an easier way to make a living. Remember the wise words of Confucius “The foot print of the owner is the best fertilizer.”

For obvious reasons I will avoid my thoughts on religion—their originality might offend—but I defy the

devout advocate of any creed to challenge the logic of the original conservationists—the Incas. They believed their status in the hereafter depended directly on what they had accomplished during their tenure on earth. And since their sole possession consisted of land in an extremely hilly country, the fellow who built and maintained the best retaining walls and terraces had the best chance of entering eternal heaven. A more constructive philosophy than a life of prayer, in my book. I picked up the most cogent religious poem while visiting Dr. Grenfell in Labrador:

“So many gods, so many creeds
So many paths that wind and wind
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.”

IX

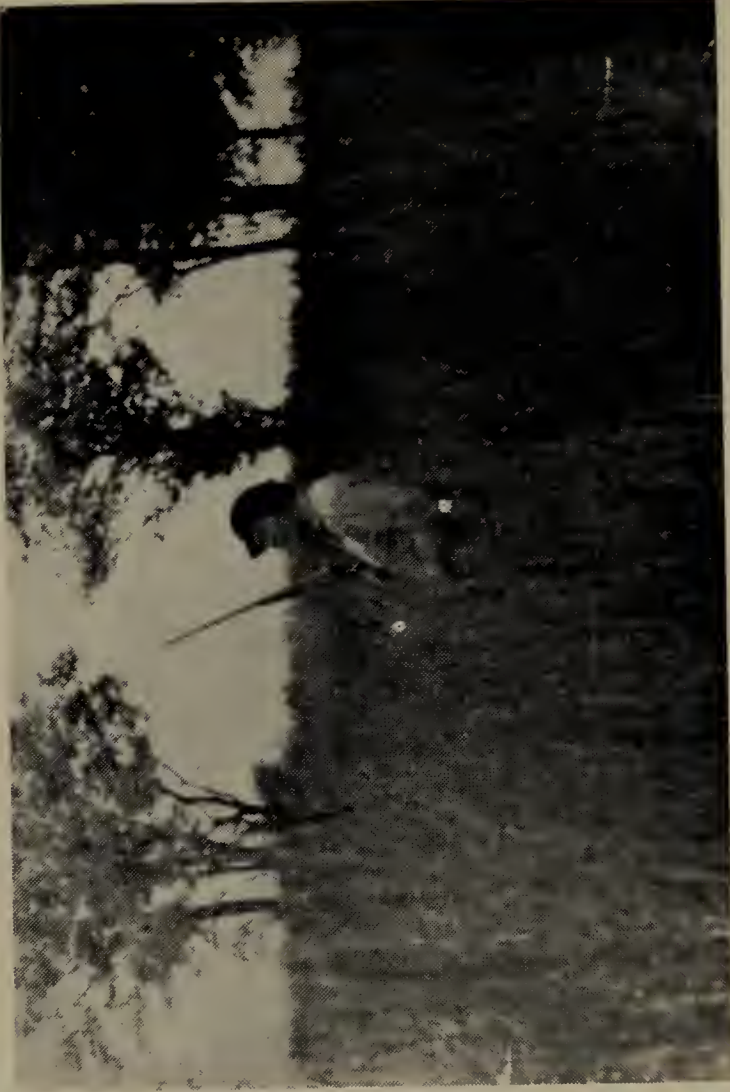
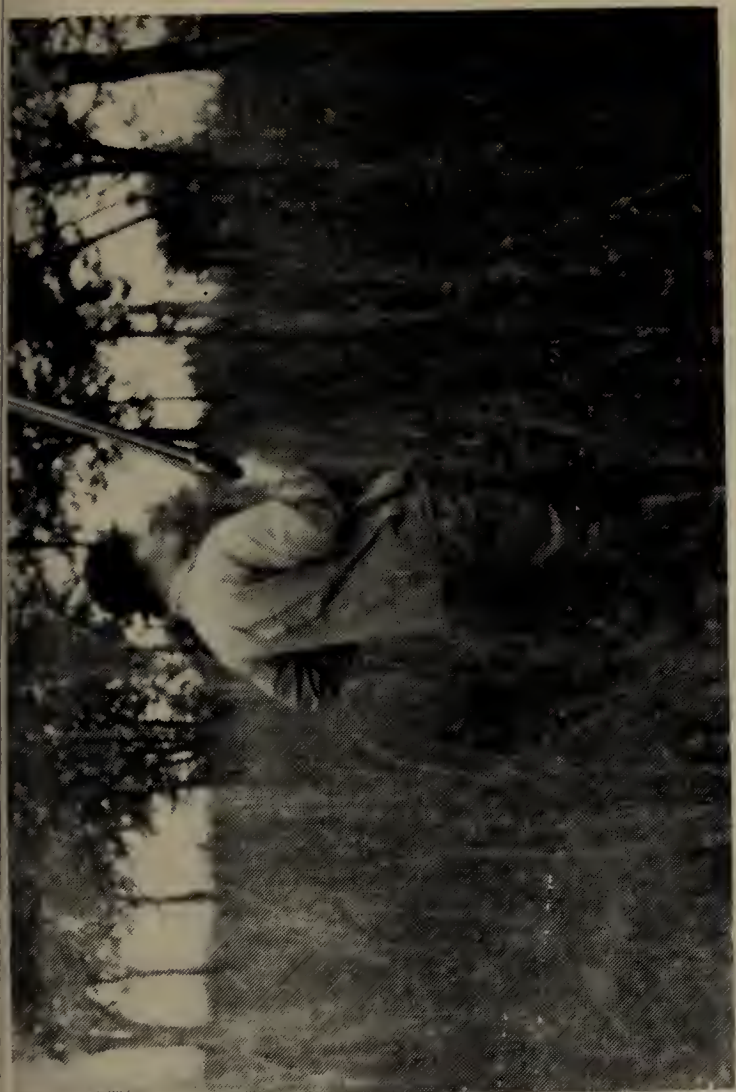
SHOOTING

WHEN IT COMES to shooting, I can indulge in bragging to a greater extent than any man alive. I am blessed with the most ardent, tireless, skillful, indefatigable and delightful shooting companion. That I love to shoot at birds that are hard to hit, and to constantly shoot with a much better shot controls my ego and develops my uxoriousness.

At first, it bothered me to have birds drop—before I pulled the trigger—but now I philosophize that I'm really out there for the scenery and exercise and to watch the dogs work. The killing end of the game gets less and less interesting and I now find myself, when the refrigerator is comfortably stocked, pulling for the bird's safe escape.

I'm lucky to have a quotation from an unsolicited letter from Nash Buckingham after he had visited us in '58 in re Kay's shooting.

"I've watched women champions at the traps, flyers, around the field, and retriever trial circuits. I've observed women reportorially on quail. I've always regarded Mrs. Buckingham as the finest woman wildfowl shot I ever saw at work, as is Mrs. Perkins on quail—the finished product. I make no distinction as to their competency—women or men.



Miss Soumy's Camera



When K took the famous game photographer Lorene Squire to our May's Pond Plantation for a day's shooting I told Miss Squire I would give her a hundred dollars if she could get a picture of K with her gun out of position.

Miss Squire turned these over to me with the remark, "I didn't even come close."

Mrs. Perkins has well nigh perfect mastery of quail shooting's fundamentals, situations and crisis. In three days of shooting in which, as I recall, we averaged fully forty bebies a day, I watched her closely. She was never out of position. You never had to wait on her (a failing afield common to women hunters). She shot to her side, steadily and accurately. She "took 'em as they came too," several times, hunting singles in the woods or brush. She wheeled on wild flushes behind her, snap shot, and downed her bird. When a quail gunner doesn't decline such chances, and also makes you realize that he or she is killing birds almost invariably at the same gun-yardage—you had better make arrangements—you are in fast company. Shell for shell, she's as good as they come in any company. She has used her years of experience to achieve composure, details and repression behind good dogs—in short—the finished product, and gloriously best of all—graciousness."

NASH BUCKINGHAM

I received my first thrill from shooting over a dog with my father in Paulding County, Ohio when I was about twelve. We lived on a canal boat which was towed along approximately as fast as we could hunt on foot. Father handled two setters. At that time pointers were considered little better than mongrels. The dogs were excellent and birds plentiful. My interest in shooting then lay dormant for many years, as quail were classified as song birds in Ohio.



F. A. DEANE, JR., HANDLER K

LOGAN BAGBY

COVEY RISE.



F. A. DEANE, JR., HANDLER

K

THREE BIRDS FLYING—ONE DEAD.

If my experience in Mentor is at all typical, conservation goes hand-in-hand with controlled shooting. Before legislation changed the bobwhite's call to a song, there were many quail in the Mentor area. I feel qualified to speak on this subject, as I rode a great deal in good quail country. Now I know of only two covies within five miles of our place and I feel sure there has been practically no shooting. On the other hand, we have more quail in the Thomasville area where there is much shooting. We bought Springhill for quail shooting but found it did not have enough quail to permit much killing, but that we had plenty of turkeys, so wisely decided to let nature follow her chosen course and shot turkeys instead of quail. We were amazed to find that the quail population continued to decrease and the turkey population increased, until now ornithologist Stoddard tells us we must kill more turkeys or run the risk of having nature adopt one of her decimating practices such as blackhead which invariably follows great concentration of turkeys.

The opposition of the Audubon Society to Ducks, Unlimited, is very unwise. I do not for a minute advocate letting up on game laws. Migratory birds and big game must be stringently protected. Like so much American management, we are great on laws but woefully weak on enforcement. The fundamental I'm driving at is: make game propagation attractive and popular. It is more fun than killing.

It's regrettable that there isn't enough game to provide every one with the fundamental sport of watching



"12 GOBBLERS ON SPRINGHILL"

In this picture Miss Squire got what she went after.

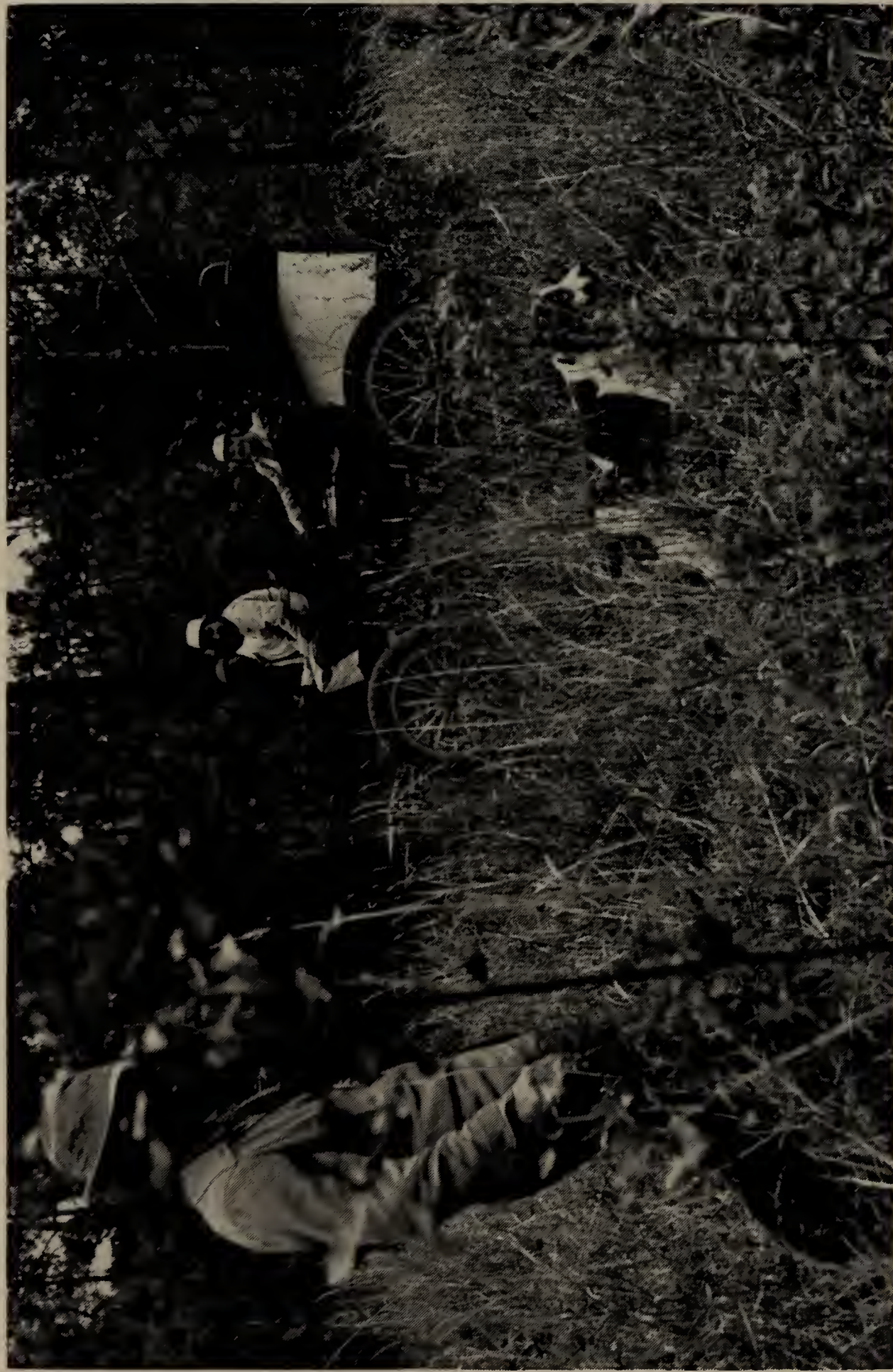


POINTING INSTINCT DEMONSTRATED IN THREE-MONTH-OLD POINTER PUPS.

a dog or hound find his dinner. I once witnessed an incident that increased my pleasure in watching bird dogs locate game. While pruning an apple tree in my Mentor orchard on a very cold day, I saw a red fox coming straight toward me. I'm sure he did not see me. He suddenly stopped and came to as beautiful a point as I ever saw. He held the point for at least 10 seconds and then pounced on a snow covered tuft of grass. He held his paws on the tuft for possibly another 10 seconds and then slowly lifted one and then the other. He then pawed away the snow and used his nose to locate a fat field mouse. His actions clearly

demonstrated the background of pointing—the pause before the spring. Even the reason for the raised paw was apparent. It was closer to the object of the pounce. If you ever tried to locate a gas leak with your nose, you found a pause most helpful. Man and training come in to force a dog to hold that pause indefinitely. From there on I would only be guessing as to why or how bird dogs know as much as they do. Since dogs can't write, there never will be a good article on scent. Nobody has been smart enough to explain how a dog can not only smell but locate by smell a bird on the ground, possibly 10 feet away, while he has a dead bird in his mouth, or why bird dogs go out of their way to roll in high reeking filth and then go on to locate birds that from a human being's standard have no scent. It's evident a dog's sense of smell is more like our sense of sight. If we strain our eyes to locate a small object floating at sea, we are not bothered by a prominent object like a lighthouse being in our field of vision. So, with a dog, a strong skunk smell might not interfere with a cold trail scent. There is nothing aesthetic about an animal's senses. Dogs prefer filth to roses.

It was our custom during the winter to fatten beef cattle in a feed lot on May's Pond Plantation. By the end of the season this feed lot became so ripe that on a warm day it was unpleasant to be on its windward side. Yet I remember well our great dog Tim locating a covey right in the path of that pungent breeze. He not only located the covey but also picked up a well



F. A. DEANE, JR., HANDLER K

BRITTANY SPANIEL "SKIPPY" POINTING DEAD BIRD.

concealed dead bird that was within a few feet of the knee-deep manure. So let's leave it we can't understand how a dog locates by smell and he can't understand how we are directed by marks on a printed page.

One of my favorite dog stories is about a little setter bitch that Kay bought as a pup in Maine. She had been trained on grouse but took to quail hunting like a veteran. She once pointed staunchly at a fallen log. I walked up beside her and found no birds. I figured they had run under the log, so started to step over it. As I approached, she placed herself between me and the log. I tried to go around her but she wouldn't let me. Then the familiar rattle just the other side of the log showed why she didn't want me to step over it. Now figure out how she knew how a rattler smelled. If she thought she had located birds, the explanation of her strange behavior is still more obtuse.

On what is called a scentless day, when dogs were more of a hindrance than asset, I flushed and killed a bird that fell in a large live oak. While vainly looking for the bird under the tree, we noticed one of the dogs pointing at the top of the tree. He had winded the dead bird which was at least 50 feet from his nose on a "scentless day."

And if a bird dog could read this, I can well imagine his commenting, "That silly Perkins has watched us locate his birds for 50 years and still doesn't know that when the barometer is low, scent goes straight down, so how can he expect us to smell anything that is on



the ground and yet he marvels when we locate a bird that he obligingly hangs in a tree."

Two of our best pointers once froze simultaneously on a turkey, while they were in direct line between me and the gobbler. Then one slowly moved around so that he was facing his bracemate. No army general ever cut off the enemy's retreat more effectively.

A day's shooting that does not produce some outstanding piece of dog work is most unusual so it can all be summed up in the fact that most of us enjoy reverting to the fundamental predatory urge of using a dog in finding and killing our dinner. So, whether your blood stream ripples most at "Gone away" or "Point" doesn't make much difference. You are following one of your better atavistic tendencies.

Leigh's great Brittany, Leda, was raised in New Hampshire, and had probably never seen a turkey, yet in her first experience with a winged gobbler, which outweighed her by 2 lbs., she displayed a technique that made her easily the best turkey dog we ever had.

If I had Nash Buckingham's ability, I could write a story of a day's shooting I once had at the invitation of Joe Sullivan, who was trying to sell me some land that was not only worn out—it was exhausted. If I bought the land he would throw in a pointer bitch that would lead me to every covey on the land. Being a good salesman, he knew my weakness so talked more about the dog than the land. We started at one corner of the property and Joe said, "There is a covey under that big live oak but we won't bother with them now. We will

get them on the way out.” So we started off in the opposite direction but couldn’t locate the bitch. After looking for a few minutes, Joe said, “Go look under that live oak. I’m afraid that bitch heard me.” Yes, she was there on stiff and true point. No, you are wrong, I didn’t buy the land.

Recently Pinky Thompson of Albany, Georgia has started a research organization to study “scent as exemplified by a bird dog’s actions.” It may come up with something interesting but I think it would be easier to teach a dog how to talk.

From the time I first saw a dog point—about 1897—until Leonard Buck loaned me “The Pointer and His Predecessors” in 1959, I queried “why does a dog point.” The book explains everything beautifully and in a most logical way. Since I have been able to get a copy I will only quote the highlights with the hope they will kindle a desire to read it. The art of using sense of smell to locate food is first recorded in Roman history by Livy about the time of Caesar. The reference is about dogs brought from Spain, so one can only guess when man first utilized an animal’s superior sense to capture food. Most setter enthusiasts claim a setter an older and purer breed than the pointer. The book refutes this theory. The setter definitely originated as a springer. Bassano, the Italian artist who lived 1510-92, painted a picture of a pointer staunchly pointing partridge in his famous “Garden of Eden.” He didn’t have any first-hand knowledge but this was excellent sales propaganda. All this was prior to gun



FIFTEENTH CENTURY PRINTS.

powder. The dog being useful only in showing man where to throw a net.

In 1429 gun powder was imported from China—at least that is the date of the first major battle—Orleans—where it was used. And the pointing dogs were elevated from food finders to sporting breeds. Probably 1750 is a more correct date for this metamorphosis, as that is the date of the first scatter gun. Then the British, as is their custom, started to improve the breeds. They imported dogs from Spain, Italy, and France, so



FIFTEENTH CENTURY PRINTS.

the use of dogs for locating food may not have originated in Spain. This improvement breeding was at first carried on by individuals, some of whose names, like Llewelen, have come down to us.

In 1859 the first book was established in England and the American book started in 1878. The prints—all before photography—are fascinating and illuminating. We have done little to improve the pointer's appearance. He always had excellent conformation. The high tail is an American contribution, due probably to our high stubble and grasses.



BEFORE GUNPOWDER.

Scent is probably not as variable as many shooters think. Birds naturally stay in safety unless hunger drives them into the open, so why blame scent when birds huddle up in a thicket.

X

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

I HAVE ENJOYED the privilege of knowing many unforgettable characters but the one that stands out foremost is Robb White, an Episcopal minister from Thomasville. He came nearer practicing what he preached than any man I ever knew. He didn't preach much nor particularly well, but he did a wonderful job of practicing. If Christ lived a perfect life, Robb White did his best to follow Christ's teachings.

Of all the stories about Robb White that abound on Broad Street the following appeal most to me as typical of only Robb White. When he officiated at our wedding I sent him a check for what I considered a liberal amount. A few months later he told me I owed him \$50, his philosophy being that he had counted on my check to build a barn for a destitute farmer and the check was \$50 short.

His Sunday congregation once waited a reasonable length of time and then instituted a search that found him nailing shingles on a colored woman's barn. He apologized by saying he could hold off his congregation more easily than the threatening rain which would do more harm to the woman's corn, that he had harvested, than the lack of a poorly prepared sermon.

When the Thomasville police once disturbed his rest by boasting that they had apprehended a vagrant for sleeping in his church, he instructed them to turn him loose for if sleeping in his church was a crime, half of Thomasville's best citizens would be in jail.

The Atlantic Coast Line had a sordid habit of periodically arresting all their guest hobos and Robb White appointed himself a welcoming committee. When he asked one of the least prepossessing arrivals if he could be of help, the hobo turned out to be Pepper Martin, who was on his way to join the Cardinals at Sarasota. Pep was in real trouble as he was overdue for his first big league assignment. The Cardinals had sent him \$75.00 but since ball players are not paid during pre-season training, he had given the \$75.00 to his wife and hopped a freight. Most good Samaritans would have smugly bought Pep a coach ticket, which would have satisfied him, but not Robb White. He took Pep home where he completely outfitted him, then put him on a Pullman with enough money for good meals and a taxi to the training grounds, and some advice that may have had considerable bearing on the outcome of the 1934 World Series in which Pep burned up the base paths. Needless to say, Robb didn't lose anything by staking Pep. By coincidence I had a chance to verify this story. While sitting on the bench of the Birmingham ball club, Spud Davis mentioned that he was with the Cardinals when Pep broke in, so I told this legend, to which Spud replied, "That explains why Pep, in his long meteoric career, looked so much better when he hit camp than

he ever did again. He felt lonesome without a week old beard and was never known to buy a new suit."

Once when one of his parishioners investigated repeated calls from Robb for her car at the same hour day after day, she found that one of Robb's rural friends was too sick to care for his cow, so Robb with the help of a uniformed chauffeur and limousine took over the job of milking and chamber-maiding the family cow.

Robb White departed this world very much as his Mentor did. I last saw him in a Veterans Hospital—he had been an Army Chaplain—in the summer of '46. He had creeping paralysis and was in a ward for incurables. His mind was still as keen as ever and I never knew him to be more entertaining. I did my best to get him out of that death house but the end came before my plans materialized, so the story of the New Testament was reenacted and Thomasville became like any other stop on the A. C. L.

XI

BUSINESS

SINCE ALL OF MY BOYS show definite indications of being better business men than I, I will go light on advice. I suffered from not having had, except for two and a half years in the City Hall, a hard boiled boss, who would have kept me at one job instead of letting me jump from business to army to politics to manufacturing. When you are born in the best community in most prosperous times, too much money comes in over the transom to give you much incentive for disagreeable work.

My greatest satisfaction has come from successes, no matter how small that I have had a major part in shaping. I swell with pride when my farming operations temporarily produce ever so small black figures and accept a fat dividend check as routine, which is worth remembering when you plan your life's work. There isn't much satisfaction in profiting from a sales campaign that relies on soap operas when you can't understand the connection between your product and the opera.

It is well to note that I made all of my serious business mistakes as a young man, when I thought I was smart. My record, in later life, when I had learned the hard way isn't nearly so bad. I hope you will remember that

a way of life has nothing to do with investing or preserving. If you want to teach—fine, that is a way of life, but don't invest in a school. When you need a doctor, you go to someone trained to cure or advise you, by the same token, when you have money to invest you should go to someone or an organization trained in that art. I'm reminded of Cecil Rhodes' words—"The whole trouble with life is its shortness. Just as we are beginning to know the game, we have to stop." As long as the final score is right, I can't object to the game ending. While I'm quoting it is interesting that the best advice Father gave me, "People, not things, make money." And mine to you, "A reputation for fair dealing is worth more than any bank account" originated in the same family, just one generation apart—H. Melville Hanna and Howard M. Hanna, Jr. It wasn't easy to get advice from my contemporary Howard, and the above resulted from my needling him for a reason why the Hanna Company had been more successful than its competitors. Newt Anderson loved to quote the elder Melville Hanna, when he brought his boy Howard to stay at the University School dormitory. Mr. Anderson asked Mr. Hanna if he had any suggestions as to limitation of privileges for the boy. "No," said Mr. H., "if he wants to make a fool of himself, let him get at it and do a good job."

As I think back now the validity and the wisdom of the people vs. things slogan is more apparent than ever and how unbelievably long it took me to follow it. For years I believed I could make people over. I had suc-

cessful people all about me but I chose established failures as my associates. But the depression of the early '30s was severe enough to teach even me. So when things righted themselves I found I had kept my friends but lost my money—not a bad trade. I had associates like George Humphrey and Gus McDaniel and so finally old necessity pounded a little sense into my head.

While rummaging through my mind for sayings that have impressed me, I again turn to Dutch Ernst (he has a habit of saying things I remember). A client asked Dutch to draw a will designed to wither, from lack of use, his son's brain. Dutch didn't want to lose the account and he also didn't want to ruin the heir, so he asked his client, "What has given you the greatest thrill of your life?" to which the client answered, "Making my first \$100,000," to which Dutch replied, "Why deprive your son of an equal privilege?"

Kay has asked me to add a word about raising kids and since that has been my most important business in life, I'll include it here. When death deprived my three elder children (at the ages of 9, 7 and 6) of the influence of a wonderful mother, necessity again came to my rescue. I took a chance on letting them make all family decisions. Every argument was settled by a cloture. I figured I was adopting the trial and error method but they practically never made mistakes. I retained the power of veto so that if the symposium decided to throw water at Sunday night supper, I vetoed the idea if we had a guest who wore a velvet dress. So the kids taught me a valuable lesson in making decisions

unencumbered by useless formalities. We wore coats because it was too cold for shirtsleeves and not because grandmothers thought they should be worn. Once I realized that a child thinks straighter than an adult, I didn't expect them to practice rigid economy while I played polo and drove a Cadillac. We made a bum out of the fellow who first said, "Children should be seen but not heard," and revered the wisdom of the sage who said, "Out of the mouths of children."

This plan wasn't entirely original as I think my vote carried the most weight in father's family, in spite of the fact that I was by far the youngest. So I was just paying back the great benefits I derived from unlimited confidence, loyalty and love. Anyway, the plan worked so well that I have never changed policy and Kay has supported the plan loyally, with the result that she hasn't a close second in her effort to be the world's best stepmother.

This is all an elaboration on my slogan that all parents can do for a kid is furnish a decent social exposure, feed and keep him reasonably clean until he or she is 18.

XII

BOOKS

WHEN I CONSULTED my college contemporary, Gerry Mygatt, who proved he knew how to write by selling his efforts, on including a chapter on books in this book he said, "Forget it. Everybody has their own favorites." But I can't entirely overlook one of the pleasantest and strongest influences of my life. Reading tastes change as much as clothes. So read what you like—but READ. If your life doesn't permit time for reading, there is something wrong with it. I remember Newt Anderson reassuring Ed Grasselli's mother, when she asked for help in deferring Ed from yellow backed novels, by saying, "Never worry about a boy who reads."

If my tastes are of any interest they are on exhibit in my library. You at least won't have any pages to cut. Keep your library of a size. You will find there are very few books that you will read twice, so why let them take up valuable space. And if a trial of my favorites doesn't convince you of the wisdom of Gerry's words, try my Father's favorite, "The Law of Love and Love as a Law" by Mark Hopkins and if that doesn't floor you, try my grandfather's eleven volumes of Bentham's Works by Jeremy Bentham. If you get through ten pages, you are more erudite than your Dad.

And frankly it bothers me to think I can't comprehend or even make sense out of the writings of a man

who founded a philosophy that I sincerely admire. It doesn't portend well for future generations that my Grandfather, who died at the age of thirty-eight, liked Bentham's works so well that he wrote his name in each volume, while I at seventy-five can't even make sense out of his works. The following from Rune's "Dictionary of Philosophy" might kindle your thinking after you have reached a thinking age:

"Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832) —

Founder of the English Utilitarian School of philosophy. In law he is remembered for his criticism of Blackstone's views of the English constitution, for his examination of the legal fiction and for his treatment of the subject of evidence. In politics, he is most famous for his analysis of the principles of legislation and, in ethics for his greatest happiness principle.

The view that the right act is the act which, of all those open to the agent, will actually or probably produce the greatest amount of pleasure or happiness in the world at large."

If it were not for you, I would follow the lead of my friend Harry Worcester Smith, who in his Will directed that his books be sold at auction and then wrote a beautiful tribute to the pleasure he had received from these friends, by saying he wanted them to go to the most appreciative readers and how better could he place them in the hands of the most appreciative reader than by finding the highest bidder. If you doubt his ability to write a beautiful tribute, read his letter to me in re "J. B.'s Final Bulletin." It is in the mahogany box.

I have thoroughly enjoyed thinking myself an expert on minor historical events such as Hannibal's invasion of Italy. He became renowned for using elephants—that was his worst mistake. They all died of pneumonia before he reached the Rhone. His greatest success come from his unusual ability as a linguist. By learning the intervening tribe's language he was able to recruit them to his cause.

Most of my pet subjects have uncovered unbelievable stupidity and little heroism. George Custer broke every rule in the book and the British Generals should have been court-martialed for their conduct in the Crimean war.

XIII

THE HASKELL GOLF BALL

BOB BALFOUR ASKED ME TO WRITE an article on the Haskell golf ball and its relationship to Thomasville. I couldn't refuse so small a chore as I can find no relationship, but the story behind the invention is worth recording, so here it is firsthand by the inventor's daughter, KHP:

"I remember my father telling the story about lucking into the idea of the Haskell golf ball. Dad admitted that he wasn't a great golfer, but liked to play for the sociability, and he was also fond of small wagers in any competitive sport.

He was visiting his friend Bertram Work, President of The B. F. Goodrich Company, and while waiting for him in his office, he noticed a scrap basket full of elastic band waste which he started to wind into a small ball. The ball had become quite sizable before a slip of the thumb started it bounding across the room. He started another ball using more tension and when Mr. Work appeared, he said "if you would cover this ball with gutta percha for me, I believe I could win some golf matches." Mr. Work was impressed with the demonstration of the zip and bounce and told dad to go ahead and get the idea patented and that he would put the problem of developing a machine to make the

The Press Sports

CLEVELAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1933



COBURN
HASKELL

OF

CLEVELAND

INVENTOR OF THE RUBBER
CORED GOLF BALL AND
FATHER OF GOLF AS IT
IS PLAYED TODAY !!!

WILLIAM
WELLS

ball up to his engineering staff. It all worked out to the benefit of the Goodrich Company, dad's royalty, and the golfers, who got a thrill out of that delightful sensation of being able to get more distance.

Dad told one other story about his success in winning a golf match with one of his new balls. He was on the green but stymied for an important putt which meant the match. As a last resort, he took his niblick and chipped over the stymie and his ball dropped in the cup. I believe there must have been quite a bit of luck in that one also.

Unfortunately, I didn't take up golf until long after dad's patent had expired.

KATHARINE H. PERKINS''

To me, the above account is as glamorous as the birth of any revolutionary idea. There appeared the normal number of reactionaries and objectors.

It's easy to believe that the pro, who had a large stock of gutta balls on hand, didn't relish the idea of throwing them in the trash can. I remember the ingenious idea Joe Mitchell,—the pro at The Country Club—Cleveland's only golf course—had for disposing of his worthless stock. Every year he had a Gutta Tournament, where only his guttas could be used, and the many prizes consisted of as many guttas as the winner(?) would carry away. In spite of the fact that the Haskell ball did more for the good golfer than the poor golfer, it ruined some of the tops.

The following appeared recently: "Vardon, most faultless of golfers, spent twelve years trying to prove that the rubber core had ruined golf." It certainly ruined his putting for he never learned to figure its "bounce." The same article goes on "The first great effect of the new ball was increased interest in the game." The second was in the dimensions of courses. With the Haskell ball many of the old dog leg holes became obsolete. Many par fours were really three's. Courses were stretched from 3,000-4,000 yards to 6,000-7,000.

During my employment with The B. F. Goodrich Co., I operated a machine that produced these cores. Imagine, if you can, a machine that would produce a ball of equal and changing radii from a continuous rubber band under equal tension. If the ball ever escaped the four cylinders that kept it revolving, it flew around the shop in a dangerous and unpredictable manner. So, the name of an unsung hero, the designer of this machine—John Gammeter—should be added to Curn Haskell's, as the team that made golf the greatest recreational outlet in the civilized world, and the patent attorney didn't do badly, as he procured one of the most comprehensive patents ever issued by the U. S. Patent Office. "A ball with a core of rubber under tension."

XIV

A GREAT GENERATION

THE PERKINS FAMILY settled in Trumbull County in 1796 and the Hannas in Columbiana—almost adjoining Trumbull—in 1814. Dr. Leonard Hanna and family moved to Cleveland in 1852; my grandfather Jacob in 1856. While the following is of the Todd Family—later spelled Tod—it shows how the histories of the two families dove-tail. On page 13 of Croly's "Marcus Alonzo Hanna, His Life and Work," we find it was Doctor Leonard Hanna, Marcus' Father, who took the most prominent part of any of the family in the temperance movement in Eastern Ohio. He was the only Hanna who had an inclination toward public speaking or had a gift for it. He is described as a fluent and forcible speaker, who possessed preeminently the power of interesting and dominating even an unsympathetic audience. As was natural for a physician, he emphasized the physiological rather than the moral arguments for total abstinence. On another occasion Dr. Hanna and David Tod, brother of Dr. Jonathan Tod, my great grandfather, held eleven joint discussions in different parts of Western Reserve—one of them in Cleveland. If this is so, Leonard Hanna must have enjoyed a very considerable reputation as a political orator, for David Tod, afterwards the 2nd of Ohio's



war Governors, was one of the most conspicuous Democrats in the State and a speaker of recognized ability and force.

While motoring in Scotland in 1961 with two Baedeker minded women, I reluctantly visited Blair Castle, and while they negotiated the many steep stairs, I inspected a family portrait of an impressive looking individual. It was David Tod, a former owner of the castle. Since I knew that name, with its unusual spelling, appeared in my ancestry, I had the Historical Society look up his descendants. He was my third great grandfather.

My Great Grandfather, General Simon Perkins, and Dr. Leonard Hanna are the fathers of the generation I want to tell you about. The Perkins generation consisted of nine children, three girls and six boys. Alfred died shortly after he graduated from Yale, and Charles in his twenty-fourth year, so I'll confine my remarks to the other four boys.

GENERAL SIMON PERKINS

The Father of "The Generation" was born in Lisbon, Connecticut in 1771, the oldest child of Capt. Simon and Olive Douglas Perkins. His father died in 1778 at the age of 41 from dysentery contracted while in service in the Revolutionary War.

In early manhood, young Perkins learned to be a surveyor and in 1795 went "West" to Oswego, N. Y., where he surveyed and worked in land sales offices for about three years.



GENERAL SIMON PERKINS

During the winter of 1797-98, he was employed by the Erie Land Company to act as its land agent in Ohio. This concern was organized on December 11, 1797, by General Moses Cleaveland and other members of the Connecticut Land Company who lived in Windham and New London counties in Connecticut.

Perkins surveyed the company's holdings in the summer of 1798 and in the following year made his headquarters in Warren, Ohio, then a village of 16 log huts, which a year later was the county seat of Trumbull County. Perkins continued as agent of the Erie Land Company until 1831.

In 1801, Perkins was appointed the first postmaster of Warren; he held the office until 1829. In 1807, at the request of Postmaster General Granger, he explored the mail route between Detroit and Cleveland. During the War of 1812, while serving as a brigadier general of militia, he commanded about 400 men who performed scouting duties on the northwestern frontier.

General Perkins was one of the largest land owners in northern Ohio. Many of his holdings were located in the present Summit County.

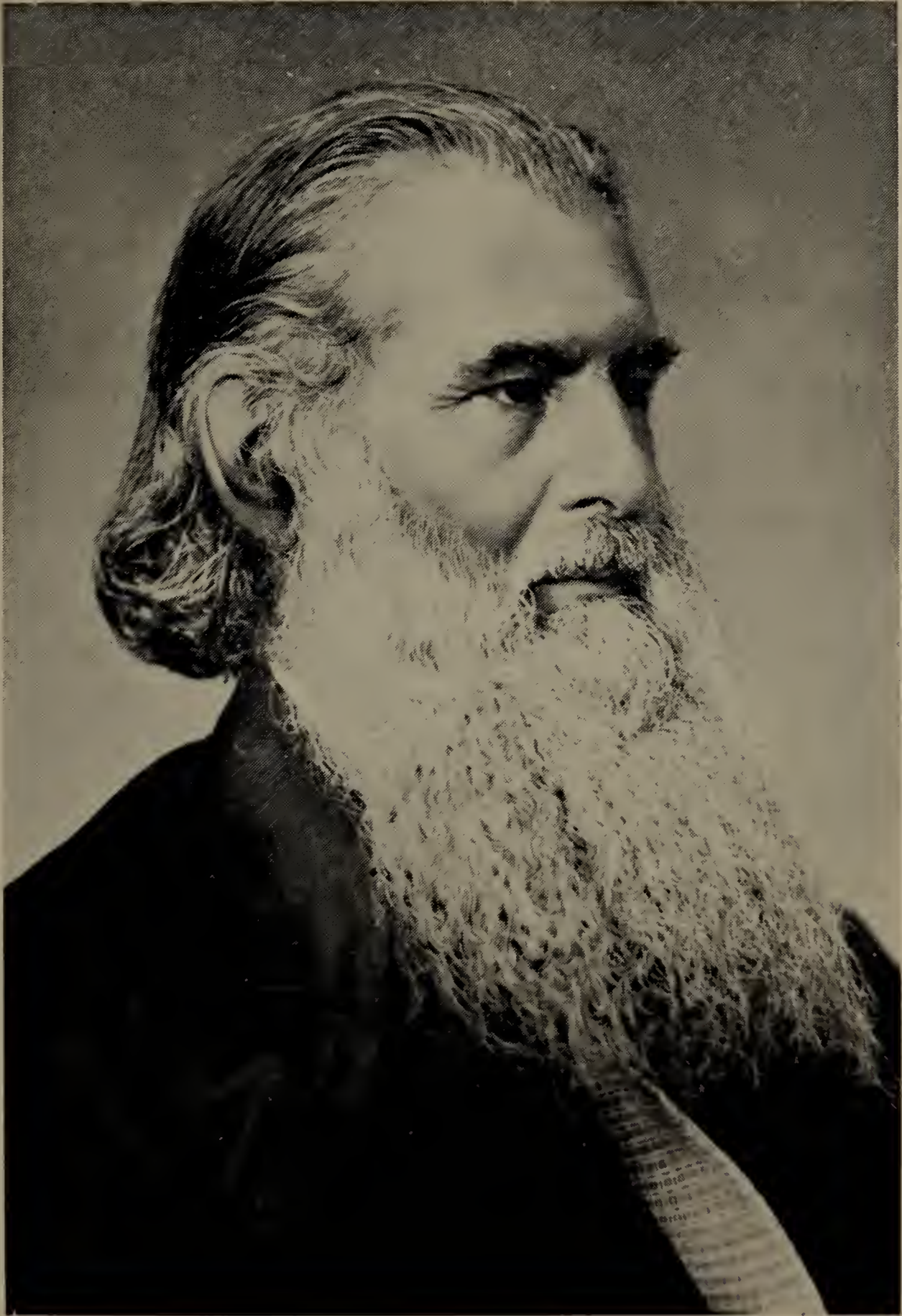
In 1804, General Perkins was married to Nancy Ann Bishop. They reared nine children: Simon, Anna Maria, Olive Douglas, Alfred, Martha, Charles, Joseph, Jacob and Henry Bishop. Three of the children were outstanding in public life—Colonel Simon, Joseph and Jacob.

From James A. Braden's address concerning General Simon Perkins on the occasion of the opening of the

John Brown Historical Museum of Summit County in 1944: "I see him as a man of calm and seldom ruffled temper, a methodical, energetic worker; strong in his convictions, but tolerant as to the views of others; firm but patient in well thought out plans. He was thrifty in that he abhorred waste but liberal for the public good, and generous to others and the more so to him who had less. He was sociable, but not convivial; not bookish but highly intellectual. He liked the out-of-doors. He loved all trees, was interested in all livestock but especially he liked, rode, and drove good horses."

And from Lossing's Field Book of the War of 1812 published 1868: "Among the remarkable men who settled on the Western Reserve, General Simon Perkins ever held one of the most conspicuous places and his influence in social and moral life is felt in that region to this day."

Elisha Whittlesey wrote of him: "No other two officers of public service have ever been more energetic and economical than General Harrison (later President) and General Perkins."

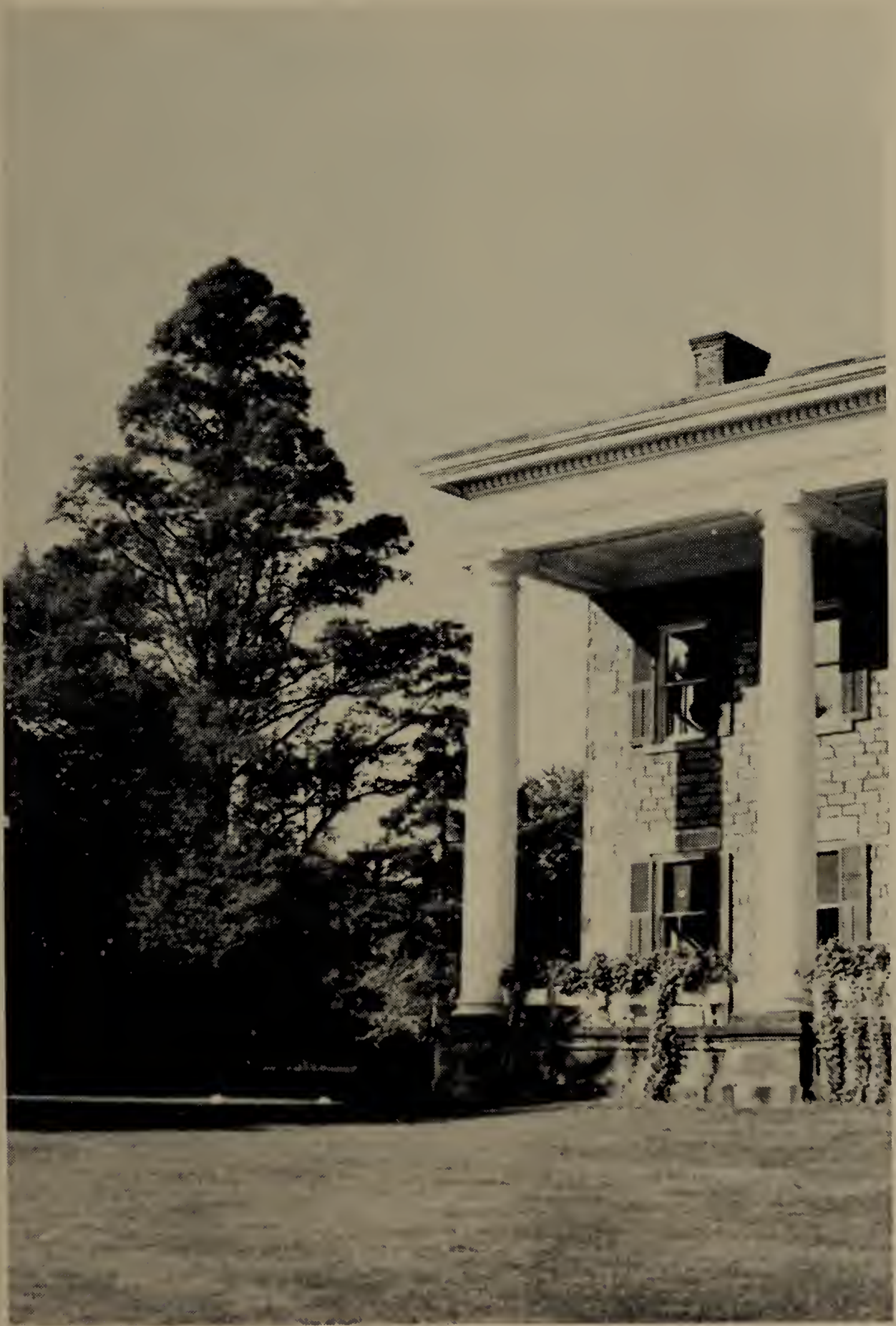


COLONEL SIMON PERKINS

COL. SIMON PERKINS

1805-1887

General Simon Perkins' oldest son Col. or Junior, was born in Warren in 1805, married Grace Ingersoll Tod in 1833. Moved to future site of Akron, where his father had purchased 5,000-6,000 acres in 1835. For many years John Brown of Civil War fame had charge of his sheep. His beautiful house still stands, now the home of The Summit County Historical Society. It must have been a glorious farm, John Brown's sheep kept the lawn mowed to the front steps. The unusually beautiful planting gives evidence of his horticultural abilities. He is reported to have brought the Cypress Tree that stands just southeast of the house, from the south in a bucket when he returned from the Civil War. The beauty of the 2nd floor furnishings are most impressive, but the trustees let generous patrons impair the beauty of the ground floor with pictures of Akron's first citizens, factory picnics, fire department awards, etc. He built and was president of the Cleveland, Cincinnati & Zanesville Railroad, now part of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His friend Judge Carpenter said of him: "His public spirit, not only in the legislature but in private life, told upon everything around him. His general intelligence and solid judgment, his sympathy with the varied interests of common people, his sincerity, frankness and modesty simplicity of manner, and, above all, his undoubted integrity throughout a long life and in



COL. SIMON PERKINS' HOUSE IN AKRON SHOWING
THE BALD CYPRESS—NOW THE LARGEST IN OHIO.

the severest trials that can test the honor of a man in business affairs, constituted a character to command esteem."

In spite of the fact that he left eleven children (eight boys and three girls) there was not a Perkins in Akron when I graduated from College. One son George T. founded The B. F. Goodrich Co.—the daddy of all rubber companies. He had but one child—a girl. It was my duty to reestablish the name in Akron, but my Father's ill health brought me back to Cleveland before I was married. I knew six of the eleven children and there was no lack of sense of humor in any of them. The third son—Simon, who owned and ran a blast furnace in Sharon, was as sharp as any humorist. Once when his younger brothers, Charles and Dave, left his house after a lengthy call, they reported their horse was balking. Simon investigated the situation and suggested they untie the horse—to which Dave answered "Thanks, Sime, I was afraid we would have to spend the night, and the last time I slept here, I froze my ear in bed."

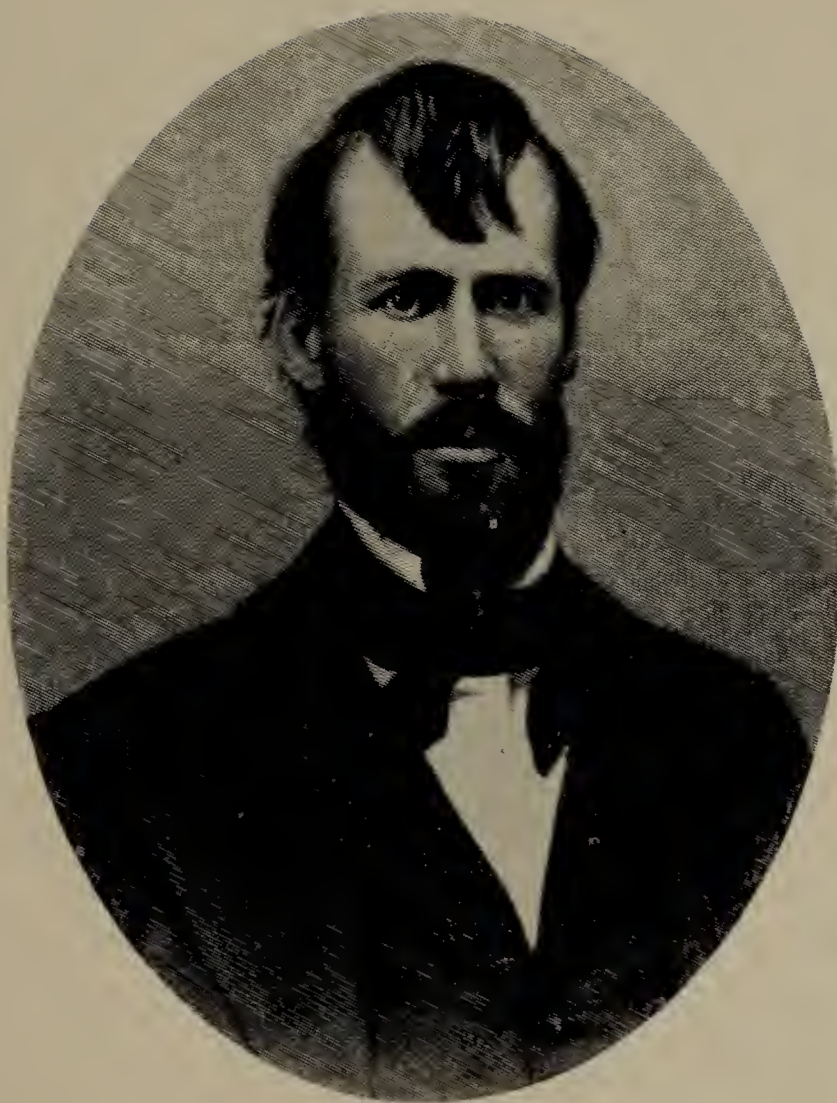
Since he was the first Perkins to live in Akron, built the first grist mill and foresaw the future of Akron as a manufacturing city because of its water power, he should share his Father's title of "Founder of Akron."



JOSEPH PERKINS

1819-1885

Graduated from Marietta College in 1839, moved to Cleveland in 1852. When I asked The Western Reserve Historical Society for a dossier on Joseph Perkins, they sent me a sheaf of information—50 pages—that read like an obituary of a Chamber of Commerce President and was just as uninteresting. He was a real first citizen and joiner. He was an officer or trustee of every worthy charity in Cleveland. I quote just one paragraph from the Historical Society's letter: "Joseph Perkins was deacon or elder from the time he joined the church until his death, and superintendent of the Sunday School from the second year of its existence until his death. He was a trustee of the church and president of The Society as well, and served on the building committee." He was one of Father's guardians and Father lived with him from the time he was five until he went away to school, so Father's description of him pages 5-6 in J. B.'s Final Bulletin are first hand and most interesting. He must have given much of his fortune away as his heirs, whom I knew well, were anything but affluent. Father's and my criticisms of his formal life should be directed more at the times than at the man.



Lawrence Perkins

JACOB PERKINS

1821-1859

Jacob, my grandfather, was the eighth child, and when one considers that the same family nemesis—consumption—claimed him when he was 37, he accomplished more per productive year than any of the others. He married Elizabeth Owen Tod—niece of his brother Simon's wife, Grace Ingersoll Tod, and Governor David Tod. A letter from Alumni Records Office of Yale, dated July 19, 1958 throws some doubt on the legend that he was salutatorian of his class, to wit: "While there is a statement in one of the class records of 1842 showing that Jacob Perkins graduated with distinction, we have not been able to find out as yet whether he was salutatorian of his class."

What he accomplished in the 16 years (42-58) between graduation and his fatal illness, is all the more remarkable when you consider the difficulty of transportation and communication. When he went to Yale, he travelled by stage from Warren to Buffalo, then by canal to Albany, and ship to N. Y. There were no telephones and all letters were written longhand.

From "Geneology of John Perkins": "In his earlier years, Jacob Perkins developed a strong inclination for study acquiring knowledge with unusual facility—during his residence in Warren, he appeared occasionally as a public speaker, always with great acceptance.—He was a member of the convention that framed the present constitution of Ohio—He was most influential in ob-

taining the Charter and organizing The Cleveland & Mahoning Railroad Co. of which he was elected President and became, later, almost sole financial manager. Owing to the financial crisis of 1857, the work of carrying that road to completion was very severe, and in his devotion to the enterprise, he neglected his health to an extent that proved fatal. He remarked to a friend during his last illness, "If I die, you may inscribe on my tombstone 'Died of Mahoning Railroad.' " He died in Havana, Cuba, July 12, 1859, of quick consumption, and from The Historical Society's clippings file "The Mahoning Valley owes more to Jacob Perkins, Frederick Kinsman, Chas. Smith, David Tod, Dudley Baldwin and Reuben Hitchcock than any other six men in the Reserve." And from another clipping ". . . there is no telling to what extent he might have grown in public life, when we consider his ability and popularity in his county and his district, had he not given his time and heart for so many years to the enterprises to which his faith and fortune had been loyally pledged. He had seen, with that half-prophecy that men are sometimes allowed to possess, a busy railroad extend to the metropolis of northern Ohio on the one side to that of Pennsylvania, on the other, passing Warren on its way, cutting through the coal fields of the Mahoning valley and giving prosperity to every place it touched. We look today on this realized dream as an old told story, but when Jacob Perkins saw it thirty-five years ago, there were thousands of dull visions about him whose hope and be-

lief had no commercial level higher than that of the sluggish canal which lay below the now deserted and decaying warehouses of Warren. . . . I speak of him personally in this, because if it had not been for him the Mahoning road would not have been commenced then and might never have been built. . . . Mr. Perkins devoted himself to the road, being one of its chief backers, its president, and financial manager. . . . When the capitalists of Cleveland and Pittsburgh . . . refused their aid, and when the men of means through the country, it would open to a market and enrich, closed their pocket-books and shook their heads in discouragement and doubt, Jacob Perkins fell back on his native grit . . . and determined to pledge all that he had to the completion of the enterprise. . . . He met the directors—and said to them—he would guarantee to personally make good the risk that a continuation of the work would involve. They unanimously accepted the proposition, and the work went on.” James A. Braden wrote of him “Another son of General Perkins was Jacob—the scholar of the family. He distinguished himself in literature while a student at Yale, and for many years was much in request as a public speaker. In early life he moved to Cleveland, where his family was established and some of his descendants remain.”

He must have majored in joining. He was a member of Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Epsilon and was one of the founders of Scroll and Key.*

*By permission of Wm. A. McAfee.

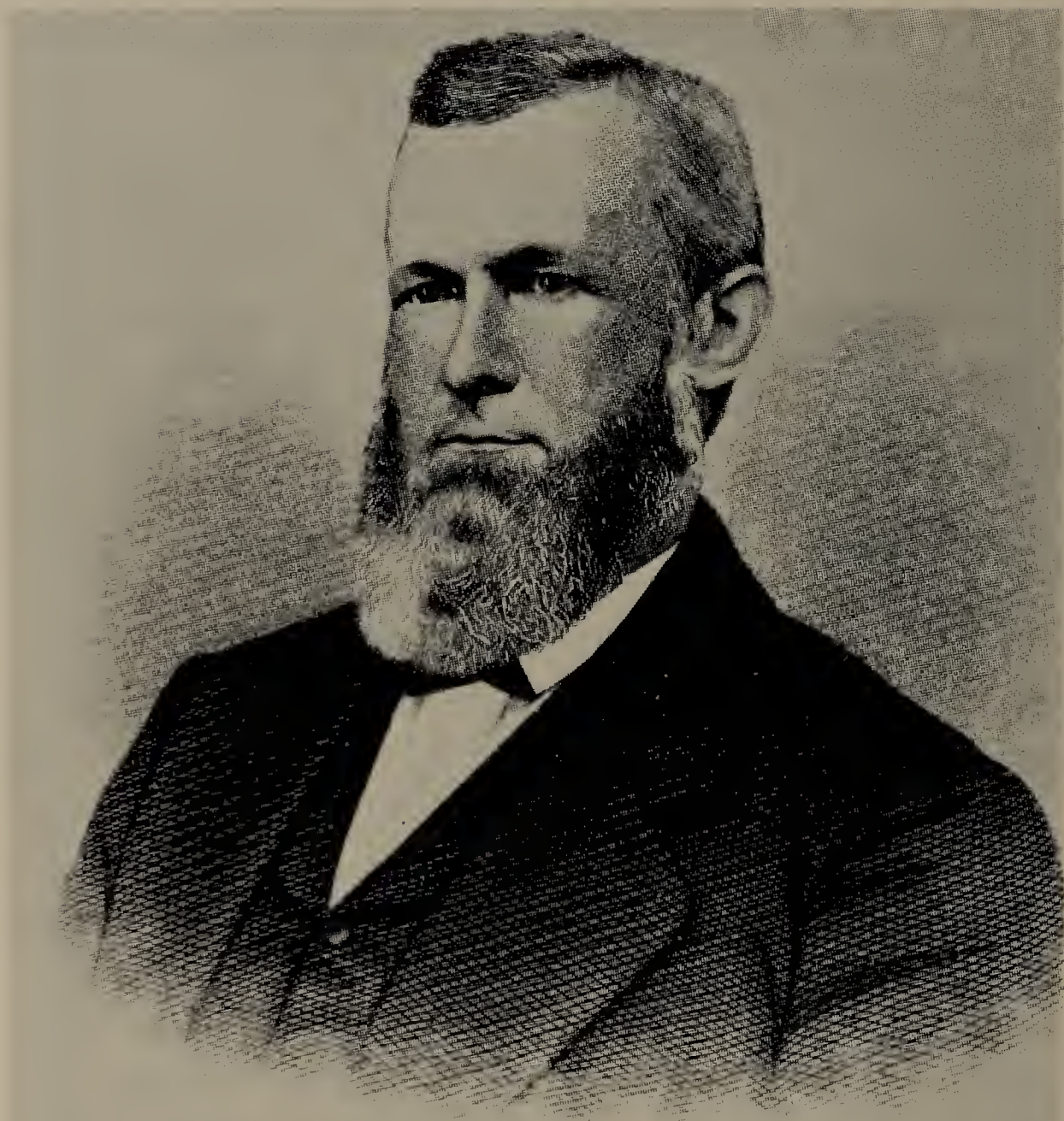
HENRY BISHOP PERKINS

1824-1902

The youngest of the family, Henry Bishop, didn't make college so was considered dumb. He was the only member of that generation that I knew, and he certainly didn't indicate any semblance of dumbness to me. He had stayed on the farm, lived a fruitful and rewarding life, and one can see from his record that he never shirked his duty. It's hard to figure why a state-supported university would appoint a dumb person to its original Board of Trustees.

He liked me because I enjoyed listening to his philosophy in regard to farming, and staying where you know your way around. He told me that one of the worst mistakes he ever made was listening to so-called smart people. The local Chamber of Commerce had influenced him to give up his lovely Early-American farm house on the Mahoning River and build a massive brick house, now the Warren City Hall, on the main street. He never liked the new plate glass mansion. His family (2 boys and 2 girls) must have been a disappointment to him. Through his influence 3 stayed on the farm and came to no good end. His reasoning backfired. Since sticking to one's roots had worked so successfully in his life, he tried to force that philosophy on the next generation with tragic results. The only one—Olive—to live a happy life left Warren when she married Judge Samuel Smith of Cincinnati.

Jacob took to the bottle, Mary Baldwin—Mame—



Eng'd by H. B. H. & Sons 13 N. 1st St. N.Y.

A. B. Westling

although endowed with more than her share of beauty, married a curbstone osteopath, much beneath her in background and intellect. And Henry Bishop—Bish—after a brilliant career at St. Paul's School and Yale, where he captained the crew, couldn't take Warren as an intellectual outlet, so departed this life by his own hand.

In Uncle Henry's defense, let me give some 1824 population figures:

Cleveland—547

Youngstown—773

Warren—875

Here are the highlights of the "dumb" brother's life:

Served on the Board of Education, Warren, Ohio, for 15 years.

Endowed a professorship (with his brothers) at Western Reserve College.

Benefactor of Warren Library, gift saved it from closing.

Trustee of Ohio State University 1870.

President of the Trumbull County Agricultural Society, 1866, 1867.

Member of the State Board of Agriculture, 1860-1863.

State Senator from Trumbull County, elected 1879 and 1881.

Republican presidential elector from Ohio, for Benjamin Harrison, 1888.



JBP

MARY BALDWIN PERKINS

IT IS HARD TO UNDERSTAND WHY FATHER FELT SO UNHAPPY
ABOUT PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND A FAMOUS BEAUTY.



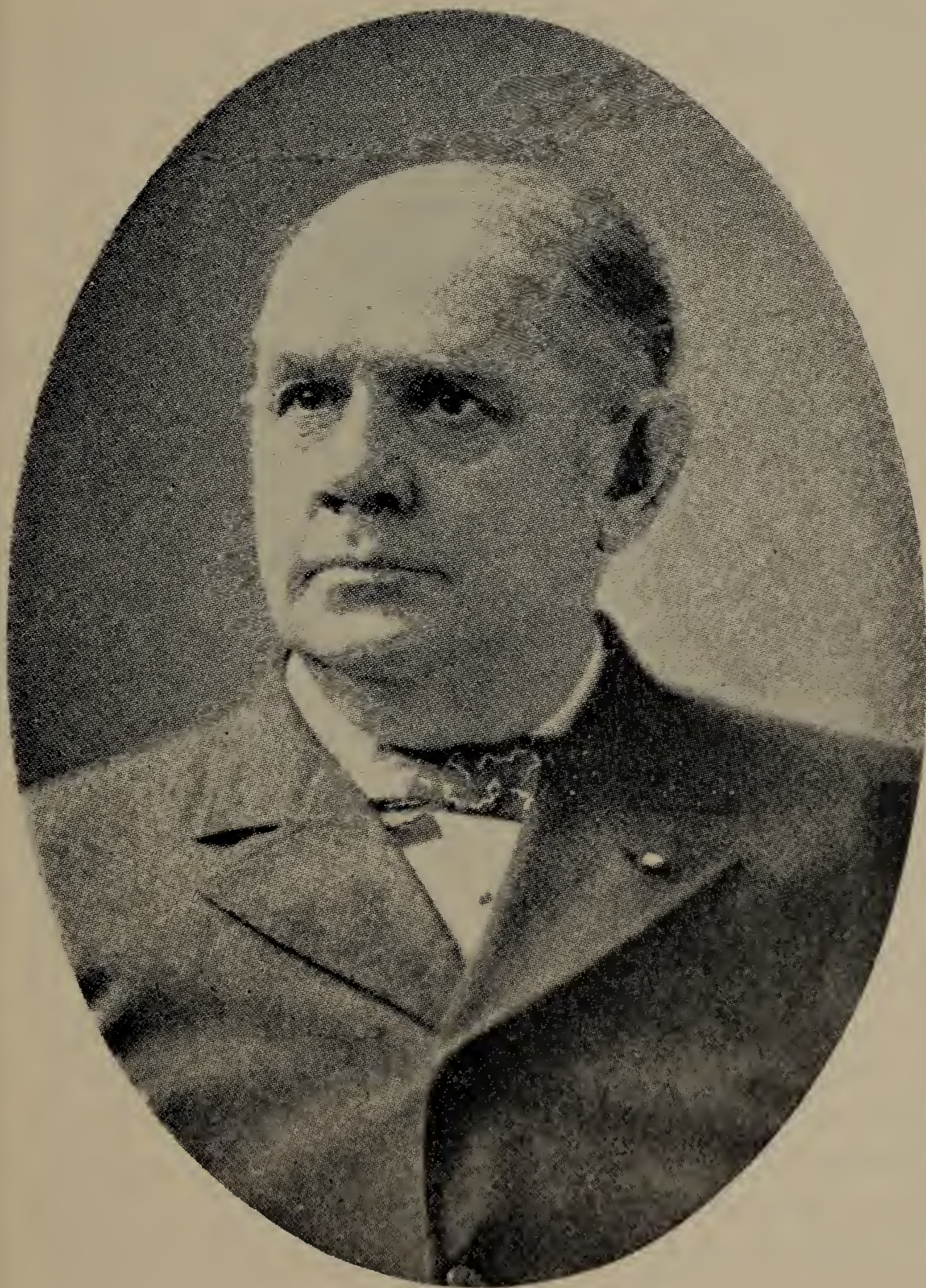
DR. LEONARD HANNA

THE HANNAS

The three Hanna boys, while younger than the Perkins boys, were of the same first post wilderness generation. Their father, Dr. Leonard Hanna 1806-1862, "One of the best educated men in the town, not unnaturally, married a school teacher—Samantha Converse—of diluted French blood—in 1835."

The following quotations from Croly's "Marcus Alonzo Hanna, His Life and Work," refer to the Father, Dr. Leonard Hanna, as follows:

"He graduated from Rush Medical College but his medical practice was cut short because of an accident to his spine. He with his brothers, Joshua and Robert, worked in their father's store. As a Hicksite Quaker, he had little interest in public life. The nearest he came to entering politics was in 1844 when he ran for Congress as a Whig and cut down the Democratic majority from 5000 to 300. He acted from personal rather than impersonal motives, from sympathies and affections, rather than from strong purpose. He moved to Cleveland in 1852. He frequently returned to New Lisbon to see his father, who by that time was a very old and sick man. While talking over his ailments with his son, who retained in the family the authority of a physician, his father said, 'Dr. Speaker has stopped my smoking, Leonard. What dost thee think about it?' Leonard answered nothing but going to the big mahogany side-board, filled his father's pipe, gave it to him and lighted



MARCUS ALONZO HANNA

it. The old man took a few puffs and then said, 'I was sure, Leonard, that thee knew more than Dr. Speaker.' "

MARCUS ALONZO HANNA

1837-1921

Since the Mark Hannas and Jacob B. Perkins lived on adjoining places on Lake Erie just west of what is now Edgewater Park, I knew the Hanna Family very well. No public character's reputation has ever suffered from malevolence as has Mark Hanna's. Two excellent books on his life, written by disinterested historians, are truthful accounts of his life and work, yet the street gossip would still have him a corrupt politician. There is no reason why I should repeat the facts of a life which have been so well recorded, but with hope of refuting and debunking malicious gossip, let me recite a few facts that have escaped the misinformed—He was born of well-to-do, well educated people in a religious, temperate environment. In Vol. I in Alburn's "This Cleveland of Ours" we find "Mark Hanna had acquired a somewhat sketchy scientific education at Western Reserve College in Hudson."* He never rested on his oars, so that when he was able to turn a successful well organized business over to his younger brother, Leonard C., he wanted new fields to

*Beer would have us believe that Hanna was suspended but gives no basis for this thought.

conquer, so turned his genius for organization towards national politics. He was the first business man to realize that prosperity and high wages went hand in hand. I never heard of his going back on his word in either business or politics. While he endorsed the Republican Party's high tariff platform, it had little bearing on his personal fortune. Certainly iron ore and coal needed no more protection than geography provided. He did not pick McKinley as a candidate for President. McKinley had already been elected to Congress and to the governorship of Ohio. From what I have read, Myron Herrick was McKinley's first sponsor. Two of Hanna's most cogent political sayings were—"Full dinner pail" and "A bought vote won't stay bought." While in the Senate, he fought and defeated the ship subsidy bill. He led the legislation that made the Panama Canal a reality and his insistence that a medical man be put in charge made its completion in scheduled time possible.

He spent many hours in our house. To me, one of the most impressive things he ever said was "Why send Ralph out of the room, we have no secrets from him." I loved to hear him talk because I understood him. I wonder how many present day senators could or would talk in a way that a dumb twelve year old could understand? To me, his most salient characteristic was tolerance. When Father popped off about "The Democrats," "The Anarchists" etc., Mr. Hanna would generally come back with "Well, Jacob, if you were hungry,

wouldn't you eat the seed corn?" While he used our house as a retreat, he would never permit Mother to turn anybody who had followed him away.

Once when Father, who had no interest in the coal industry, facetiously chided him for closing many of the Ohio mines because of his recent wage increases, he answered "Any mine that can't pay its miners a living wage should be shut down and if I have my way the miners will soon be making \$5.00 per day."

On page 697, Vol. I of "History of Cleveland," by Avery we find—"Mr. Hanna's business career began in 1857, when he became an employe of the wholesale grocery house of Hanna, Garretson & Co., of which his Father was the senior member. He married Charlotte Augusta Rhodes in 1864. She was the only daughter of Daniel P. Rhodes."

Daniel P. Rhodes had wide interests in mines, transportation and politics. He was a democrat of the Jeffersonian School and a cousin of Stephen A. Douglas who ran against Lincoln. His son Robert Russell had married a Castle,* and while he never shirked his responsibilities to the family interests, wasn't particularly interested in seeing them grow. Robert was the Father of William Rhodes of Yale football fame. His other son James Ford Rhodes devoted his life to historical research. He was regarded as one of the highest authorities on the Civil War and the period following. So it's easy to understand why the aging tycoon—Daniel P. Rhodes—

* Sister of Mrs. David Z. Norton and Mrs. Charles C. Bolton.

welcomed an energetic, capable son-in-law into his business. He probably revised his enthusiasm for Mark when the latter cast his first presidential vote in 1860 against Father Dan's cousin Stephen A. Douglas. That was the prolific Father of all Hanna arguments.

In 1867 when the pioneer iron and coal firm of Rhodes & Card retired from business, Mr. Hanna became senior member of the succeeding firm of Rhodes & Co., dealers in coal and iron. The firm was dissolved in 1885 and was succeeded by M. A. Hanna & Co., the members then being M. A. Hanna, L. C. Hanna, and A. C. Saunders.—During the last ten years of his life, Mr. Hanna devoted his attention almost exclusively to politics.

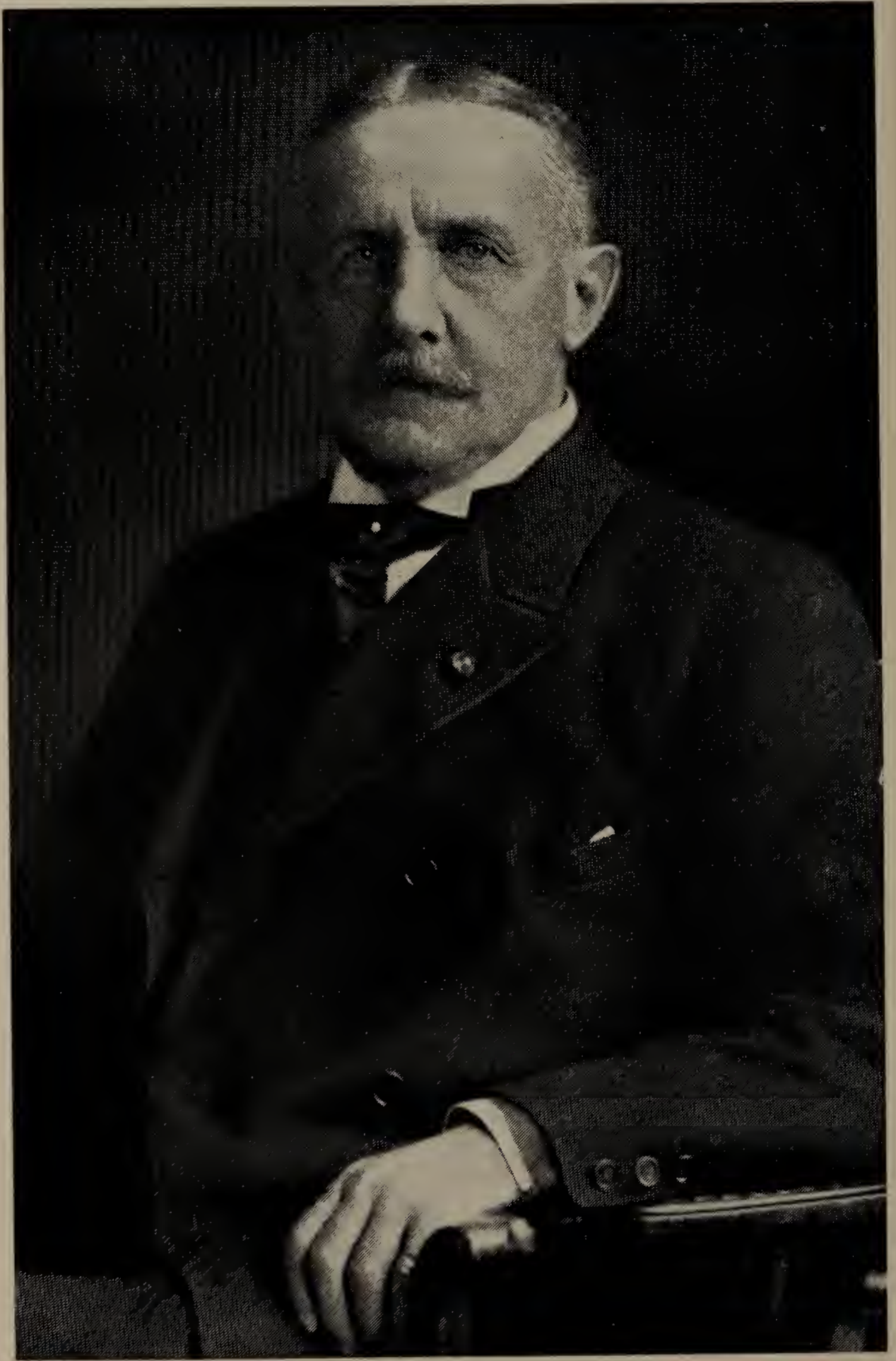
HOWARD MELVILLE HANNA

1840-1921

Kay's grandfather's life, while comparable to his older brother's in accomplishments, is more obscure. Nobody wrote a book on his life, and he was extremely remiss on personal publicity.

So, I will recount a few of the facts of his life, concerning which, I have found his family extremely uninformed.

I quote from a letter of October 4, 1962 from the alumni office of Union College. "Mr. Hanna entered Union College with the class of 1860. However, due



HOWARD MELVILLE HANNA

to the illness of his father, he was forced to leave Union at the end of his first year. Therefore, not graduating, he did not receive a degree from Union. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Mr. Hanna on University Day, October 16th, 1913. He also received an honorary Medical degree from the Academy of Medicine of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Hanna was a member of Theta Delta Chi Fraternity." His interest in medicine stemmed from his admiration for his Father, whom he believed most gifted in both internal medicine and surgery.

In June '62, he entered the Navy, where he served until '65. He eventually became assistant or 2nd in command to the paymaster general. He then went to work for Robert Hanna & Co., which changed its name to Hanna & Co. in '67. He was made an inactive partner in '68 when he formed another partnership called Hanna-Dougherty, oil refiners. In '72 he went into partnership with his brother-in-law George W. Chapin under the name of Hanna-Chapin and Co. In '76 John D. Rockefeller offered to buy out his partnership for cash but after Messrs. Hanna and Chapin had agreed to the sale Mr. Rockefeller found himself and his Standard Oil Company short of funds! So his offer was revised to consist of cash, notes and stock. There is no record of how the cash, notes and stock were divided, but since Mr. Hanna's name appears as one of the forty-one Standard Oil stockholders and Mr. Chapin's does not, it would appear that Mr. Chapin received

cash and notes for his interest.* It is interesting to note that five of those forty-one names have today a vital and constructive interest in the Thomasville, Albany area, to-wit—Archbold, Hanna, Harkness, Payne & Thompson. In '89 Mr. Hanna acquired controlling interest in The Globe Iron Works and held the office of president until '99 when it merged with The American Ship Building Co. He became an inactive partner of M. A. Hanna & Co. in 1915 and retired from active business in 1917. He never studied medicine but took a great interest in anything that had to do with improving health. His gifts toward medical research were generally anonymous. He is given credit for influencing his brother to insist that a medical man be put in charge of the construction of the Panama Canal. He knew the French had failed in this project more because of Malaria and Yellow Fever, than their shortage of civil engineering ability. I know of no better way of impressing his wisdom and character on his heirs, than by reprinting his letter to his only son with its letter of transmittal from George Humphrey.

To the Grandchildren of
H. Melville Hanna:

This letter from your Grandfather, with its high ideals so beautifully expressed, was carefully kept and often read by his son to whom it was written. No son by his own life ever fulfilled the high ideals of his Father more fully.

*Page 722 "Pioneering In Big Business" by Hidy and Hidy.

When Judge Kline to whom care of the letter had been long entrusted, asked about its disposition it seemed that because of the great influence it had upon the life of his son, the letter should be so preserved that opportunity would be given for it to have a continuing influence upon following generations of his descendants.

Because of my enduring admiration and affection for Howard Hanna who lived so faithfully in accordance with its ideals, it is my privilege to give you your Grandfather's letter in this more permanent form with the request that you in turn give it to each of your children upon their twenty-first birthdays.

GEORGE M. HUMPHREY

May 30, 1904

My dear Son Howard,

In making my will, I have named our whole family as Executors, yourself, your Mother, and Gertrude, and Kate. I did this, that they should all have an equal voice in the division, and settlement, of the Estate. If for any legal objection, in the laws of Georgia, it may not be found advisable to have any one of them "qualify," I want such ones, (or more) wishes, and interest, to have as much influence in the settlement of the Estate, as they could have had, as qualified Executors. I recommend Wm. E. Cushing as the best, and trustworthy attorney, to have charge of all legal matters,

pertaining to the Estate. I want you to have an interest in the welfare and be prepared, at any time, to extend liberal help, and aid, to Mrs. Henry C. Winslow, or any of her children, should they need it. Henry C. Winslow and George Benedict were my dearest and best friends. They have both been dead many years, and since their death I have the care of their Estates, and a watchful guardianship of the interests of their children. This has been a labor of love—a labor either one of them would have performed for my wife, and my children, had I died first. I want you, also to feel the same interest in Mary Crowell and her family.

I want you to be a thoughtful, conscientious business man. A man that does his share of work in the world. A man that does his share for the good of humanity, and the progress of good citizenship. A man, or woman, that lives solely, or mainly, for their own selfish purposes, and desires, is a despicable being. Make your life manly, honest, and true. Never be extravagant, or wasteful, in anything. Be thoughtful in all expenditures. Never do a thing because others do it, simply, but because you, yourself, have good reasons to do it. Live well within your income, no matter what sacrifices it entails. Do not spend money because you have it. Be generous, and liberal, but with true generosity and liberality, in helping the needy and worthy institutions, rationally, intelligently and thoughtfully. Thoughtless giving, is more apt to be wicked and a curse, than a benefit.

I pray that you will make a good record of your life, and your name, and be ambitious to place yourself among the foremost of the leaders of men, and affairs. That will bring to you, more true comfort and happiness, than millions of money, with idleness and selfish personal gratifications.

I commend to you, and Gertrude, and Kate, two institutions that I have considered worthy of support—The Lakeside Hospital, and the Medical School of the W. R. University. Poor and insufficient Medical Education is a crime. I have tried to help the W. R. Medical School to a position among the first.

Keep this letter to read, as your life advances. It carries to you some of my wishes for your welfare, and your good and happiness.

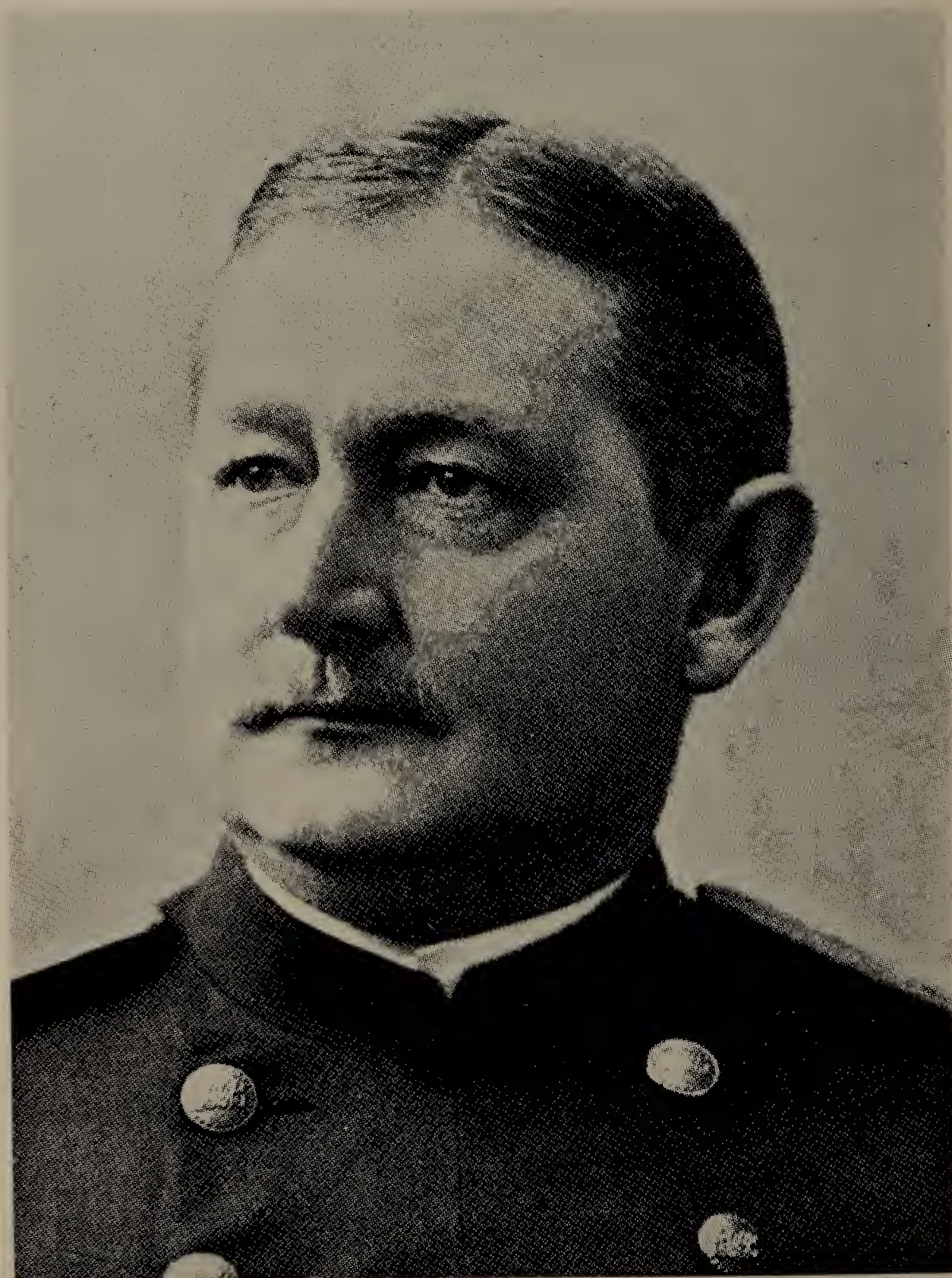
Your affectionate father,

H. M. HANNA

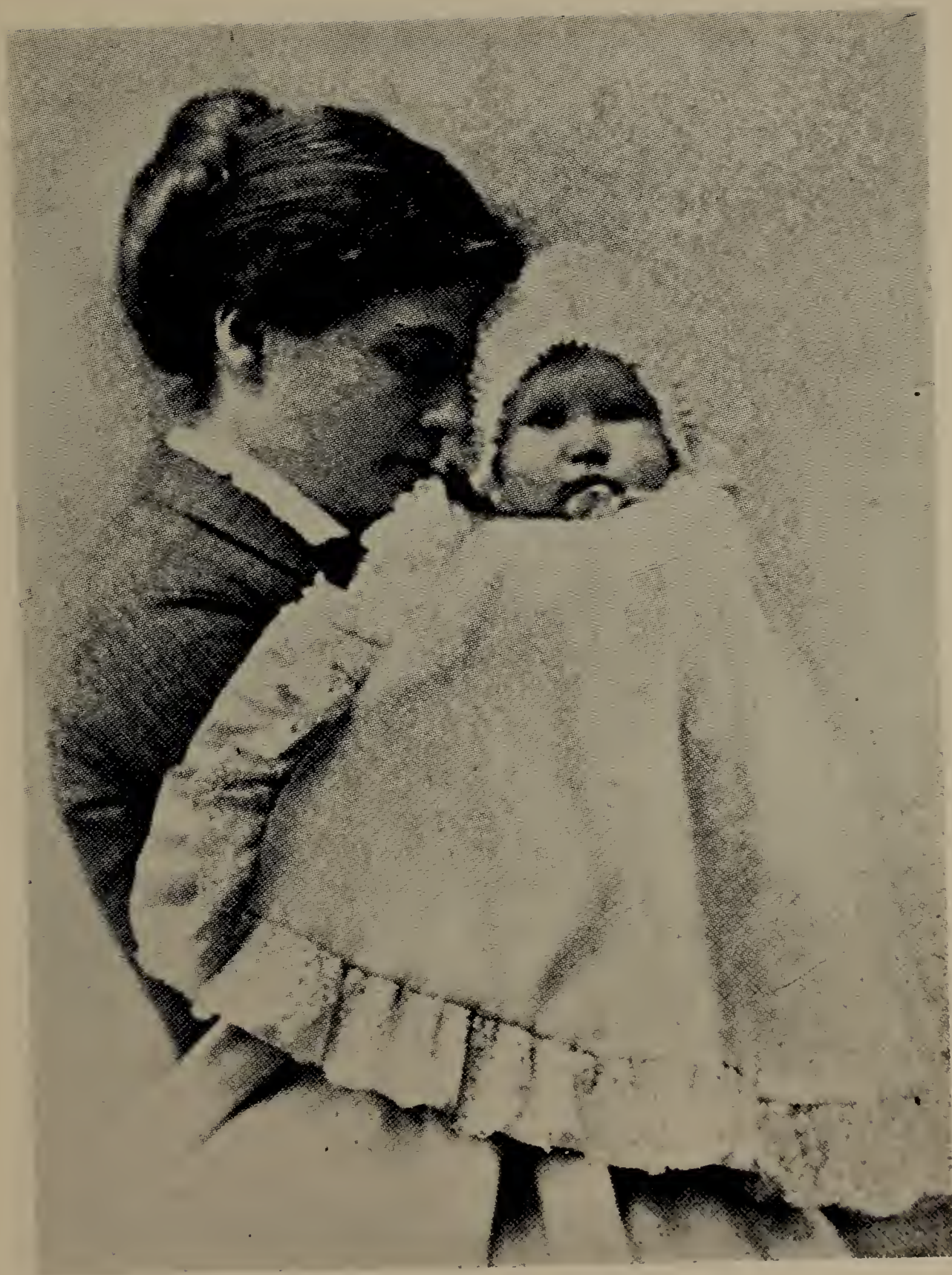
LEONARD COLTON HANNA

1850-1919

The paths of the Hanna and Perkins Families crossed again when Mother attended Fanny Wilson Mann of Buffalo as matron of honor, at her marriage to Leonard C. Hanna. They must have been devoted friends as Mother kept the picture of Fanny with her eldest daughter, Jean Claire, on her dresser until she died. On page 4 you will find what I wrote of Leonard Hanna



LEONARD C. HANNA



FANNY MANN HANNA WITH HER FIRST CHILD.

in 1953, and time hasn't dimmed my admiration. I quote from his obituary published March 29, 1919 in Cleveland Topics, which relates more to his business reputation. "He became known to all, with whom the firm had contact, as one of the ablest, finest and most charming business men of the country. He endeared all of his associates to him and his qualities and characteristics in all business matters were upon the broadest and highest plane—His advice was sought and respected, and no one in the community took higher rank than he. As a citizen and neighbor, he was quiet, unassuming, and much loved by everyone with whom he came in contact."

I find I have written much more than I intended but when you delve into the lives of seven great, creative, and personable fellows, it's hard to delete. The more I learned of them the more I liked them, and I hope I have passed on to you the admiration, affection and pride I feel for the generation that gave us the opportunity to live comfortable, and I hope useful lives. "Furore scribendi" is the least painful of all senile frailties.

So there is your blue print for success and happiness. You should be proud of your background but don't rely on it; live up to it. It's an excellent tool if properly used.

